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THE TIME MACHINE

H. G. WELLS

NEW METHOD

SUPPLEMENTARY READER

STAGE 6

THE TIME MACHINE

I SEEMED TO SEE A GHOSTLY FIGURE (*See page 114*)

THE TIME MACHINE

BY

H. G. WELLS

Adapted and simplified within the vocabulary of New Method Reader 6 by

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Illustrated by R. Webster

LONGMANS

NOTE

THIS book is brought within the vocabulary of New Method Reader VI (which also covers most of the *General Service List of the Carnegie Interim Report on Vocabulary Selection*). The main task of the simplifier is, therefore, not so much a reduction of vocabulary, but a simplification of ideas which may be difficult or unfamiliar to the foreign reader who lacks the scientific background assumed by H. G. Wells in his readers. (As an instance, the first chapter involves the Fourth Dimension.)

We have, therefore, made such expansions, rearrangements and adaptations of the original text as are necessary for this purpose. The syntax and word order have been simplified where necessary without needless change of vocabulary.

The publishers are indebted to the Executors of the late H. G. Wells for permission to issue this simplified edition.

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One

EXPLANATION

A. The Time Traveller—we shall speak of the chief person in this book, not by name but as The Time Traveller. The Time Traveller was explaining a difficult matter to us. His grey eyes shone; his usually pale face was warm with excitement. The fire burned brightly and the soft light of the lamps touched the wine in our glasses. Our chairs (his own invention) were very comfortable. It was after dinner—a time when thought and conversation prefer to be graceful rather than exact. This is how he explained it to us:

"You must follow me carefully," said the Time Traveller. "I shall have to say some things which differ from the ideas which everyone accepts as true. You learnt Geometry at school—all about lines and angles and triangles and so on; that geometry which you learned was based upon a wrong idea."

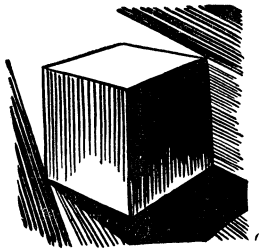
"You are expecting rather a lot of us," said Filby, who had red hair and loved an argument.

"I shall give you my reasons. You will soon admit as much as I need. Now, you know that the word 'line' in mathematics is merely a direction; a line (in mathematics) has no thickness: it has no reality; it is not a real thing. A surface (called in mathematics a

'plane', or 'plane surface') has also no reality. These things, Line and Plane Surface, are merely mathematical ideas."

"That's all right," said the Psychologist.[1]

B. "Now take a *Cube*, a six-sided solid; it has only length, breadth and thickness. Can a Cube have any real existence?"



"Of course!" said Filby. "Of course, a solid thing can exist. All real things——"

"Wait! Can a Cube which does not last for any time at all have any real existence?"

Filby thought for a moment.

"It is clear," said the Time Traveller, "that any real thing must extend—must stretch out—in four directions: it must have four measurements; it must have Length, Breadth, Thickness—and Time. It must stretch out for a certain distance in three directions in Space (Length, Breadth, Thickness), and it must stretch out for a certain distance in Time. Now, we can move backwards and forwards and sideways in Space; but we move in one direction only in Time, from the beginning to the end of our lives. For this reason we tend to think of the Time Measure of things as something different for the three Space Measures."

"Yes," said a very young man, trying to light his cigar, "that is very clear—so far."

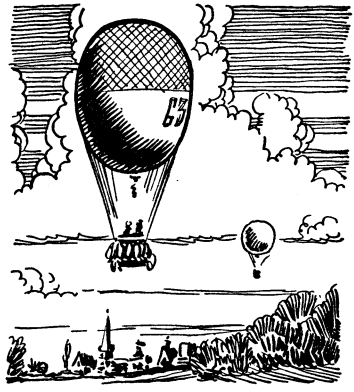
"Yet there is really no difference between those three Space Measures and the Time Measure."

"But," said the Medical Man, "if there is no differ-

[1] Scientist who studies the mind.

ence, why cannot we move about in Time—move backwards and forwards in Time, as we move about in Space?"

The Time Traveller smiled: "Are you sure that we can move so freely in Space? We can go to the right or left and backwards and forwards; but what about up and down?"



"There are *balloons.*"

"Before balloons, except for jumping and climbing, men had no freedom of movement up and down."

C. "Men could move a little," said the Medical Man.

"Far more easily down than up."

"But you cannot move at all in Time. You cannot get away from the present moment."

"No, sir," said the Time Traveller, "that is just where you are wrong. From birth to death we are moving steadily along in Time—just as we would move steadily *down* if we began our existence fifty miles above the surface of the Earth."

"But," said the Psychologist, "you *can* move about in all directions in Space and you cannot move about in Time."

"You are wrong. If I am remembering something very clearly, I go back to the instant when it happened: I jump back for a moment. Of course, we have no means of staying back for any length of Time

—no more than an animal has any means of staying six feet above the ground. Man can stay up in a balloon; why should he not hope that he may be able to stop in his movement in Time, or go faster, or even turn round and travel back?"

"Oh, this is against reason!" said Filby. "You'll never make me believe this."

"Long ago," said the Time Traveller, "I had an idea for a machine which would be able to travel in any direction in Space or Time."

D. Filby laughed. The Time Traveller continued:

"I have made an experiment—and found my ideas correct."

"It would be very useful for the writer of history," the Psychologist suggested. "He could travel back and see if the usual account of a battle is true."

"You could go back and hear how the Ancient Greeks really pronounced Greek," said the Very Young Man; "—or you could put your money out on loan and then go forward and spend the interest."

"It is all the wildest fancy," said the Psychologist.

"Experiment!" I cried. "You're going to experiment on that!"

"Let us see your experiment," said the Psychologist, "—although you know it's all nonsense."

The Time Traveller smiled round at us. Then, still smiling faintly and with his hands deep in his pockets, he walked slowly out of the room. We heard his steps down the long passage to his laboratory.[1]

The Psychologist looked at us: "I wonder what he has got?"

"Some trick," said the Medical Man. Filby tried

[1] Room in which a scientist works.

to tell us about a man whom he had seen in a theatre doing "magic" tricks, but before he had finished the Time Traveller came back.

Two

THE EXPERIMENT

A. The Time Traveller held in his hand a shining metal frame. It was about the size of a small clock, and very delicately made.

Now, I must describe very carefully what happened: it is quite impossible to explain it, unless (of course) you accept the Time Traveller's explanation. He took one of the small tables which stood in various parts of the room and put it down in front of the fire. He put the machine on this table. Then he pulled forward a chair and sat down. The only other thing on the table was a lamp. The bright light from the lamp fell full upon the machine. There were about twelve *candles*—two on the shelf above the fireplace, and others in holders fixed to the wall; so the room was brightly lighted.

I sat on a low armchair nearest the fire and I pulled this forward so as to be almost between the Time Traveller and the fireplace. Filby (who had red hair and loved argument) sat behind him, looking over his shoulder. The Medical Man watched him sideways from the right; and the Psychologist watched him from the left. We were all very wide awake. I

cannot believe that any trick (however cleverly done) could have been played upon us or deceived us in these conditions.

The Time Traveller looked at us; then he looked at the machine.

"Well?" said the Psychologist.

The Time Traveller rested his arms on the table and pressed his hands together above the machine.

B. "This," he said, "is only a small model of the bigger machine which I am building. It is my idea for a machine to travel through time. You will notice that it is not exactly square, and that this bar has an odd glimmering appearance." He pointed to the part with his finger. "You will notice also that there is one little white handle here, and here is another."

The Medical Man got up out of his chair and looked carefully into the thing.

"It's beautifully made," he said.

"It took two years to make," answered the Time Traveller. Then, when we had all imitated the Medical Man and had a look at the thing, he said, "Now I want you to understand this clearly: when this handle is pressed it sends the machine gliding into the future, and this handle reverses the motion; it makes it move in the opposite direction. This thing is the traveller's seat. In a few moments I shall press this handle, and away it will go! It will disappear, pass into future time, and you will not see it any more. Take a good look at the thing. Look at the table, too, and satisfy yourselves that there is no trick. I don't want to waste this model, and then be told that I am a cheat."

"IT IS MY IDEA FOR A MACHINE TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME"

C. There was a moment's silence. The Psychologist seemed as if he was just going to speak to me but changed his mind.

Then the Time Traveller put out his finger towards the handle.

"No!" he said suddenly. "Lend me your hand." He turned to the Psychologist, took the Psychologist's hand in his own and told him to put out his finger. So it was the Psychologist who sent out the model Time Machine on its endless voyage. We all saw the handle move. I am absolutely sure, quite certain that there was no trick. There was a breath of wind; the lamp-flame jumped. One of the candles on the shelf was blown out: the little machine suddenly swung round, became indistinct—then it was gone! It had disappeared! Except for the lamp the table was bare.

Everyone was silent for a minute. Then Filby said, "Well! I'm damned!"

The Psychologist recovered from his amazement and looked under the table: the Time Traveller laughed cheerfully.

"Well?" he said, looking at the Psychologist. Then he got up, went to the tobacco jar on the shelf, and, with his back to us, began to fill his pipe.

We gazed silently at each other. "Listen!" said the Medical Man, "do you really mean this? Do you really believe that that machine has travelled into time?"

"Certainly I mean it," said the Time Traveller, bending down and lighting his pipe. Then he looked at the Psychologist's face. The Psychologist, in order to show that he was quite master of himself, took a

cigar and then tried to light it without cutting off the end.

"Certainly I mean it," said the Time Traveller. "And I have a big machine nearly finished in there." (He pointed to his laboratory.) "When that machine is put together I mean to have a journey in it."

"Do you mean to say that that machine has travelled into the future?" said Filby.

"Into the future or the past. I do not know for certain which."

D. After a short time the Psychologist had a bright idea: "It must have gone into the past if it has gone anywhere," he said.

"Why?" said the Time Traveller.

"I understand that it has not moved in space. Now, this present time was future time when the machine started. If it travelled into the future it would be here now."

"But," I said, "when we came into this room this evening was past time, and when we were here last Thursday was past time. If it travelled into the past, we would have seen it then."

"Very true," said Filby. "That needs explaining."

"You can explain that," said the Time Traveller to the Psychologist. "It is quite easy."

"Of course," said the Psychologist, "we cannot see the machine any more than we can see one bar (spoke) of a wheel turning very fast, or a shot from a gun flying through the air. It is travelling through time fifty times faster than we are; it gets through a minute while we get through a second. It is travelling too fast to be visible." He passed his hand through the

space where the machine had been. "You see," he said, laughing.

We sat and gazed at the empty table for a minute or two. Then the Time Traveller asked us, "Well, what do you think of it all?"

"It sounds believable to-night," said the Medical Man; "but wait until to-morrow. Wait for the Common Sense of the morning."

E. "Would you like to see the Time Machine itself—the full-size one?" asked the Time Traveller. He took the lamp in his hand and led the way down the long cold passage to his laboratory. I remember very clearly the unsteady light and his queer broad head seen as a black shape against it, and the dance of the shadows. We followed him, puzzled and unbelieving. Then, in his work-room we saw a larger machine, just like the machine which we saw disappear from before our eyes. The thing was nearly complete, but twisted bars lay unfinished on the table near some sheets of drawings. I took up one of the bars to have a better look at it.

"Are you really serious?" said the Medical Man. "Or is this a trick, like that ghost which you showed us last Christmas?"

The Time Traveller held up the lamp. "On that machine," he said, "I mean to go as a traveller in time. Is that plain? I was never more serious in my life."

None of us quite knew what to think about it.

I caught Filby's eye over the shoulder of the Medical Man, and he winked at me solemnly.

Three

RETURN OF THE TIME TRAVELLER

A. I think that at that time none of us quite believed in the Time Machine. The Time Traveller was one of those men who are too clever to be believed; you never felt that you could see all round him. You always suspected that there was something held back, some clever trick hiding behind his clear and open explanations.

If Filby had shown the model and explained the subject in the Time Traveller's words, we would have believed him far more readily, because we would have understood his aims. Filby is very easy to understand. But the Time Traveller was queer, fanciful, and we distrusted him. Things which would have made a less clever man famous seemed like tricks in his hands. It is a mistake to do things too easily. The serious people who believed that his work was good were never quite sure of his behaviour. They felt that trusting their good name to him was like trusting children with a lot of delicate china.

I do not think any of us said much about time-travelling between that Thursday and the next. Yet the possibility of it was in our minds—the possibility of it, yet the difficulty of believing it, and the strange fancies which it suggested. I myself was specially interested in the trick of the model. I remember discussing it with Filby when I met him at the Club on Friday. He said that he had seen something of the

same kind at Tubingen, and added that the blowing out of the candle was important. But he could not explain how the trick was done.

On the next Thursday I went again to the Time Traveller's house in Richmond. I suppose I was one of the Time Traveller's most regular guests. I arrived late. The Medical Man was standing in front of the fire with a sheet of paper in one hand and his watch in the other.

B. I looked round for the Time Traveller.

"It's half-past seven now," said the Medical Man. "I suppose we had better have dinner?"

"Where's our host?" I asked.

"You've just come?"

"Yes."

"It's rather odd," said the Medical Man. "He says that he may be late. He asks me in this note to begin dinner at seven if he is not back. He says 'I will explain when I come'."

"It's a pity to let the dinner spoil," said the Editor[1] of a well-known daily newspaper.

The Medical Man rang the bell for the servant.

The Psychologist was the only person (except the Medical Man and myself) who had been present at the dinner last week. The other men were Mr. Blank (the Editor), and a newspaper-writer, and a quiet man with a beard: I don't know who he was: I didn't see him open his mouth to speak all the evening.

At the dinner-table there was some questioning and wondering at the Time Traveller's absence. Half joking I suggested time-travelling as the reason.

[1] The head man of a newspaper.

The Editor wanted to have this explained to him. Then the Psychologist gave a very dull account of the "clever trick" which we had seen last Thursday.

He was in the middle of his story when the door from the passage opened slowly and without noise. I was facing the door and saw it first.

"Hullo!" I said. "At last!"

The door opened wider, and the Time Traveller stood before us.

C. I gave a cry of surprise. The Medical Man saw him next.

"Good heavens, man! What's the matter?" he cried.

All the men sitting at the table turned towards the door.

The Time Traveller was in a fearful state. His coat was dusty and dirty, and the arms were covered with green stuff. His hair was disordered, and it seemed to me greyer than before—either because of dust and dirt, or because its colour had really faded. His face was terribly pale, there was a brown cut on his chin, half healed. The expression of his face was drawn as if by great suffering. For a moment he waited in the doorway as if his eyes were blinded by the light. Then he came into the room. He walked as I have seen footsore beggars walk.

We gazed at him in silence, expecting him to speak.

He said not a word, but walked painfully to the table and made a motion towards the wine. The Editor filled a glass and pushed it towards him. He drank it, and it seemed to do him good. He looked

round the table and a ghost of his old smile passed across his face.

"What, in heaven's name, have you been doing?" said the Medical Man.

The Time Traveller did not seem to hear.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said slowly and with difficulty. "I'm all right."

D. He stopped, then held out his glass for more wine, and drank it. His eyes became brighter and a faint colour came into his cheeks. He looked at our faces, then he spoke again, still seeming to feel his way among his words.

"I'm going to wash and dress," he said. "Then I'll come down and explain things. Save me some of that meat. I'm longing for a bit of meat."

He looked across at the Editor. "You are a rare visitor. I hope you're all right."

The Editor began to ask a question.

"I'll tell you in a moment," said the Time Traveller. "I'm feeling—queer. I'll be all right in a minute."

He put down his glass and walked towards the door leading to the stairs. Again I noticed that he walked with pain and difficulty. I noticed the soft *pad! pad!* of his footsteps. Standing up in my place, I saw his feet as he went out. He had nothing on them but a torn and blood-stained pair of woollen socks. Then the door closed upon him.

I thought of following him; then I remembered how much he disliked it if anyone worried about him or tried to help him.

My mind was brought back to the dinner-table by hearing the Editor whispering to himself, "Strange

Behaviour of Well-known Scientist." He was thinking as usual what headlines in big print he might put in his newspaper.

E. "What's the matter?" said the newspaper-writer. "Has he been playing at being a beggar? I don't understand."

I met the eye of the Psychologist and saw that his explanation was the same as my own. I thought of the Time Traveller going painfully up the stairs: I don't think anyone else had noticed his feet.

The first person to recover completely from his surprise was the Medical Man: he rang the bell for the servant and told him to bring a hot plate. (The Time Traveller hated to have servants in the room during dinner.)

The Editor took up his knife and fork and began to eat, and the Silent Man did the same. The dinner continued. For a short time the conversation consisted of exclamations followed by silences in which we wondered what had happened. Then the Editor's curiosity became too strong.

"Does our friend go out and earn money as a road-sweeper?" he asked. "Or are there times when he goes and eats grass in the fields?"

"I am quite sure that it is something to do with this Time Machine," I said. Then I carried on the Psychologist's account of the meeting last Thursday. The new guests did not believe the story, and said so.

"What is Time Travelling?" asked the Editor. "A man can't cover himself with dust by playing with a mathematical idea!"

Then he began to make fun of the thing: "Have they no clothes-brushes in the future?"

The newspaper-writer would not believe it at all, and joined the Editor in the easy work of laughing at the whole thing. They were both the new kind of newspaper-men—very joyous young men with little respect for anything.

F. The newspaper-writer was saying (or rather shouting) "Our Special Reporter in the Day-after-to-morrow" when the Time Traveller came back. He was dressed in ordinary evening clothes; only the drawn expression of his face remained of the change which had alarmed me.

"I say!" said the Editor, laughing, "these fellows here say that you have been travelling into the middle of next week. Tell me what the Government is going to do, will you? How much shall I pay you for the whole story?"

The Time Traveller came to his seat at the table without saying a word. He smiled quietly in his old way.

"Where's my meat?" he said. "How nice it is to stick a fork into meat again!"

"Story!" cried the Editor.

"I want something to eat," said the Time Traveller. "I won't say a word till I've got some meat inside me. Thanks—and will you pass the salt."

"One word," I said. "Have you been time-travelling?"

"Yes," said the Time Traveller, with his mouth full, nodding his head.

"I'll give you a shilling a line for the story," said the Editor.

G. The Time Traveller pushed his glass towards the

Silent Man and made it ring with his finger-nail. The Silent Man stopped gazing at the Time Traveller's face, gave a jump of surprise and poured out some wine. The rest of the dinner was uncomfortable. Sudden questions kept rising to my lips, and I expect it was the same with the others. The newspaper-writer tried to make things easier by telling funny stories. The Time Traveller gave all his attention to the dinner and ate like a beggar-man. The Medical Man smoked a cigarette and quietly watched the Time Traveller. The Silent Man seemed even more foolish than usual, and kept on drinking wine.

At last the Time Traveller pushed his plate away and looked round at us.

"I suppose I ought to say I'm sorry for my behaviour. I needed that food badly! I've had a most amazing time."

He put out his hand for a cigar and cut the end. "Come into the smoking-room," he said. "It's a long story."

He led the way into the next room, ringing for the servant as he went.

"Have you told these men about the machine?" he asked me, sitting back in his armchair and naming his three guests.

"But the thing is just a mathematical trick—an idea," said the Editor.

H. "I can't argue to-night," said the Time Traveller. "I don't mind telling you the story, but I can't argue. I'll tell the story of what happened to me, if you wish, but you must not break in on it with questions. I want to tell it. I very much want to tell it. Most of it will sound like lies. But it's true—every word of

it.—I was in my work-room at four o'clock, and since then I have lived eight days—such days as no man ever lived before! I am nearly worn out, but I shall not sleep till I've told this thing to you. Then I shall go to bed. But no questions!—Is that agreed?"

"Agreed," said the Editor, and the rest of us echoed "Agreed."

The Time Traveller began his story as I have written it here. He sat back in his chair at first, and spoke like a weary man. Afterwards he became more alive. In writing it down, I feel how powerless pen and ink are—and how powerless I as a writer am to express its quality. You read attentively enough, I suppose; but you cannot see the speaker's white, honest face in the bright circle of the little lamp nor hear his voice. You cannot know how his expression followed the turns of his story. Most of us hearers were in the shadow, for the candles in the smoking-room had not been lit; only the face of the newspaper-writer and the legs of the Silent Man were in the light. At first we looked at each other now and again. After a time we ceased to do that, and looked only at the Time Traveller's face.

Four

THE YEAR 802,701

A. This is the Time Traveller's story.

I told you last Thursday about the principles of the Time Machine, and I showed you the thing itself, incomplete in the laboratory. It is there now, rather travel-worn. One of the wooden bars is cracked, and a metal rail is bent; but the rest of it is all right.

I expected to finish it on Friday, but on Friday when I had nearly finished putting it together, I found that one of the metal bars was one inch too short. I had to make a new one; so the thing was not ready until this morning.

It was ten o'clock this morning when the first of all Time Machines began its first journey. I tested every part; I tried all the screws again; I sat down on the seat. When a man holds a pistol to his head to kill himself, I suppose he feels some wonder at what will come next: I felt just such a wonder when I took the Starting handle in my hand.

I took the Starting handle in one hand and the Stopping handle in the other; I pressed the first and then, almost immediately, I pressed the second. I had that terrible feeling of falling such as one gets in a bad dream. I looked round, and saw the laboratory exactly as it was before. Had anything happened? For a moment I suspected that my mind had tricked me: then I noticed the clock. A moment before (as it

seemed to me) its hand stood at one minute past ten; now it was nearly half-past three!

B. I drew a breath: I set my teeth, took the Starting handle in both hands and went off with a rush. The laboratory became misty, and then dark. Mrs. Watchett came in and walked, without seeing me, towards the garden door. I suppose it took her about one minute to cross the room, but to me she seemed to go across the room like a shot from a gun.

I pressed the handle over as far as it would go. Night came like the turning-out of a lamp; and in another moment came to-morrow. The laboratory became faint and misty, then fainter and ever fainter. To-morrow night came black, then day again, night again, day again, faster and faster still. A murmur, rising and falling, filled my ears, and a dull confusion descended on my mind.

I am sorry that I cannot describe to you the peculiar feelings which one gets in time-travelling. They are very unpleasant. There is a feeling which one has in rushing down a hill out of control, a feeling of helpless forward motion. I felt, too, that same fear of an immediate crash. As I put on speed night followed day like the beating of a black wing.

The dim suggestion of the laboratory seemed to fall away from me, and I saw the sun jumping swiftly across the sky in every minute, and every minute marked a day. I suppose that the laboratory had been destroyed, and I had come into the open air. I had a dim idea of buildings going up around me, but I was already going too fast to see any moving things. This quickly following Dark—Light, Dark—Light—like a

bad cinema—was very painful to the eyes. Then in the darkness I saw the moon spinning swiftly through her changes from New Moon to Full Moon, and I saw the glimmer of the circling stars.

C. As I went on, still going faster and faster, the beating of Night—Day, Night—Day was changed into one continuous greyness. The sky became a wonderfully deep blue, a splendid rich colour like the colour of the sky just after sunset. The sun, instead of jumping across the sky as before, became a line of fire, a shining arch, and the moon became a fainter band. I could see nothing of the stars—except, now and then, a brighter circle in the blue.

The land around me was misty and indistinct. I was still on the hillside on which this house now stands; and the shoulder of the hill rose above me grey and dim. I saw trees growing and changing like *puffs* of smoke — now brown now green: they grew and spread, trembled and passed away. I saw huge buildings rise up, faint and fair, and pass like dreams. The whole surface of the Earth seemed changed, melting and flowing under my eyes. The little clock-hands which showed my speed raced round faster and faster. Then I saw that the sun-belt

Trees like puffs of smoke

moved up and down from the winter position to the summer position in less than a minute: so I could see that my speed was over a year a minute. In a few minutes white snow rushed across the world, and disappeared, and was followed by the bright, brief green of spring.

D. The unpleasant feelings which I had at the start were not so bad now. They had changed now into a mad excitement. I noticed that the machine swung from side to side, and could not explain why it did so. My mind was too confused to attend to it. With a sort of madness growing upon me I threw myself into the future. At first I hardly thought of stopping: I felt only the excitement of my forward rush. Then a new set of feelings grew up in my mind—a feeling of curiosity and with it fear. Then fear and curiosity took possession of me. I thought: "In what strange ways may Man have developed! What wonderful advances may have been made! What will I see when I come to look closely at the dim world which is racing and changing before my eyes?"

I saw great and splendid buildings rising about me, more gigantic than any buildings of our own time—and yet it seemed as if they were built of glimmer and of mist. I saw a rich green flow up the hillside and remain there without wintry changes. Even through the veil of my confusion the Earth seemed very fair. And so my mind came round to the business of stopping.

The special danger lay in my finding something in the space which I, or the machine, filled. So long as I travelled at a high speed through time this hardly

mattered; but, when I stopped, I might find myself mixed in with the substance of whatever was there in my place. This might cause an explosion which would blow me and my machine out of all time—into the Unknown! I had thought of this again and again when I was making the machine; but at that time I cheerfully accepted it as a risk which could not be avoided—a risk which a man has got to take! But now that the risk had to be taken I no longer saw it in the same cheerful light. The truth is that gradually the absolute strangeness of everything, and the swinging of the machine and (especially) the continual feeling of falling had weakened me. First I said, "I can never stop"; and then in a burst of anger I said, "I will stop at once."

E. Like an impatient fool I pulled over the handle. The machine immediately turned over and I was thrown off head first through the air.

There was a sound like thunder in my ears. I may have been knocked senseless for a moment. Pitiless icy hail[1] was falling with a loud hissing sound around me, and I was sitting on soft grass in front of the overturned machine. Everything still seemed to be grey, but I soon noticed that the confused noise in my ears had gone. I looked round me. I was on what seemed to be a little grassy lawn in a garden surrounded by flower-bushes. I noticed that their red and purple flowers were dropping in a shower under the beating of the hail-stones. The hail-stones struck the machine and hung in a dancing cloud over it, and drove along the ground like smoke. In a moment I was wet to the skin.

[1] Small pieces of ice falling like rain.

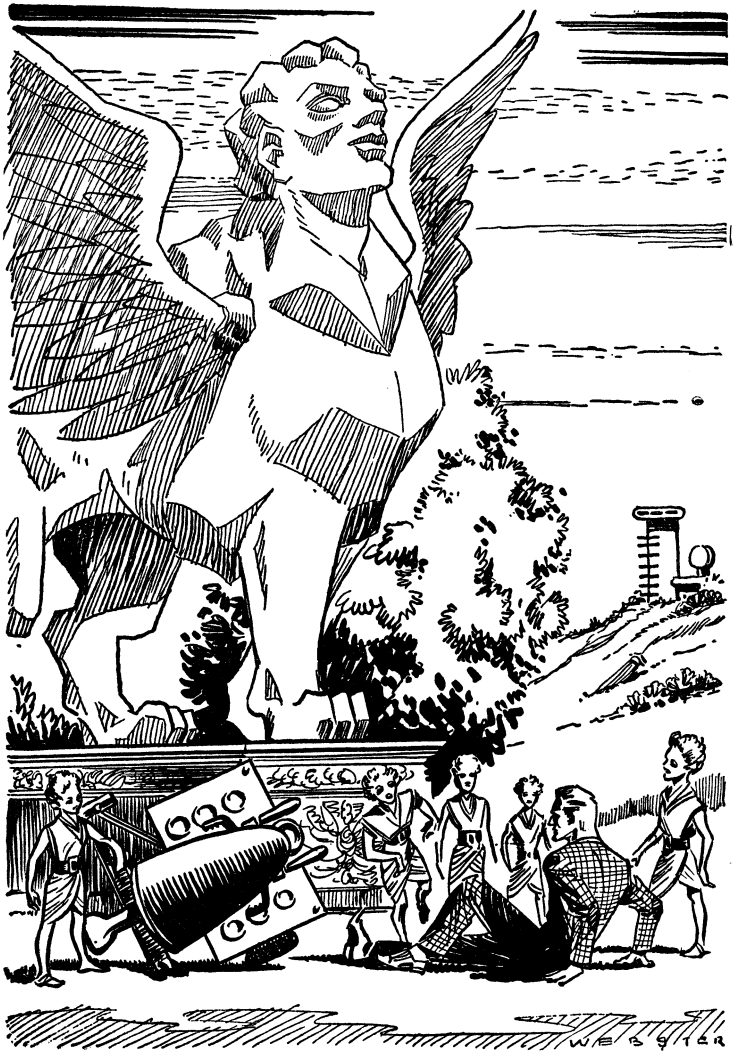
"This is a fine way to greet a man who has travelled uncountable years to see you!" I cried. Then I thought, "What a fool I am to get wet!" I stood up and looked round me. I saw indistinctly a huge figure, carved in some white stone, beyond the bushes through the misty downpour. But all the rest of the world was invisible. . . .

F. As the hail became less, I saw the figure more distinctly. It was very large: the tall tree growing beside it touched its shoulder. It had the body of a lion, but a man's head, and it had wings. The wings were spread out as if it was flying upwards in the air. The base was made of bronze[1] and was thick with green rust. It chanced that the face was towards me; the sightless eyes seemed to watch me, and there was the faint shadow of a smile on the lips. It was very much worn by the weather, and this gave it an unpleasant appearance of disease.

I stood looking at the thing for a time—for half a minute, or perhaps for half an hour. It seemed to advance or go farther off as the hail was driven in front of it. At last I tore my eyes away from it for a moment, and saw that the hail was ceasing and the sky was brightening with the promise of the sun.

I looked up again at the great white shape and the full terror of my voyage came suddenly upon me. What might appear when that misty curtain was drawn aside? What, of good or evil, had happened to Man? Perhaps cruelty had grown into a common character. Perhaps the race of Man had lost its manly nature and become something vastly powerful, with-

[1] Copper and tin.



THE SIGHTLESS EYES SEEMED TO WATCH ME

out feelings of pity or gentleness, so that I might seem like some wild animal from the old world, but more horrible and disgusting because of the likeness—a creature which must be killed immediately.

Already I saw other vast shapes—huge buildings with tall pillars and a wooded hillside seeming to draw nearer to me as the storm lessened. I was seized with a wild fear.

G. I turned towards the Time Machine and struggled to set it up again.

As I did so the rays of the sun struck through the thunder-storm. The grey downpour was swept aside and disappeared like the garments of a ghost. Above me, in the rich blue of the summer sky, some faint brown clouds were driven and scattered into nothingness. The great buildings about me stood out clear and distinct, shining with the wet of the thunder-storm and lined with white where the unmelted hailstones lay along their outstanding edges.

I felt naked in a strange world. I felt as perhaps a small bird may feel in the clear air, knowing that some enemy was above, ready to strike down upon it and kill. My fear grew to madness. I breathed hard, set my teeth, and again struggled with the machine. It moved; it turned over, then rolled back as it was, striking my chin and cutting it open.

I turned and looked round me again at this world of the distant future. Then in a circular window high up in the wall of the nearer house, I saw a group of figures dressed in rich soft garments.

They had seen me: their faces were turned towards me.

Then I heard voices approaching me. Coming through the bushes by the white figure were the heads and shoulders of men. One of these men came out on to a pathway which led straight to the lawn on which I stood with my machine. He was a lightly built creature—about four feet high; he was dressed in a purple coat drawn in at the waist with a leather belt. He had some sort of shoes on his feet, but his legs were bare to the knees, and his head was bare. When I noticed this, I noticed for the first time how warm the air was.

The man seemed to me a very beautiful and graceful creature, but very weak and delicately made. At the sight of him I felt more confidence. I took my hands from the machine.

Five

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A. In another moment we were standing face to face —I and this delicate little creature out of the future. He came straight up to me and laughed into my eyes. I was surprised that his behaviour showed no sign of fear. Then he turned to the two others who were following him and spoke to them—a strange and very sweetly flowing language.

There were others coming. Soon a group of eight or ten of these little people were standing round me. One of them spoke to me. The idea came to me that

perhaps my voice was too rough and loud for them. So I shook my head. Then I pointed to my ears: I shook my head again. He came forward, seemed doubtful for a moment; then he touched my hand. I felt other soft little fingers on my back and shoulders. They wanted to make sure that I was real. There was nothing in this at all alarming. Indeed there was something in these little people—a graceful gentleness, a childlike ease—which gave me confidence. They looked so small and tender that I could imagine myself throwing the whole lot of them about quite easily. But I made a sudden motion when I saw their little pink hands feeling at the Time Machine. Luckily then (before it was too late!) I thought of a danger which I had forgotten. I reached over the bars of the machine and unscrewed the little handles which set it in motion. I put them in my pocket. Then I turned again to see what I could do about talking to these people.

B. Looking more closely into their faces I saw some further peculiarities in their prettiness—the prettiness of a child's plaything. Their hair was curly all over the head, but came to a sudden end at the neck and cheeks. There was no sign of hair on the face. Their ears were very small. The mouths were small, with bright red, rather thin lips, and their little chins ran to a point. The eyes were large and gentle. I thought my arrival would be an important and interesting event to them, but there was less interest in it than I expected.

They made no attempt to speak to me, but merely stood round me smiling and speaking in soft bird-like voices to each other. I began the conversation. I

pointed to the Time Machine and to myself. I thought for a moment how I could express the idea of Time; then I pointed to the sun. Immediately a pretty little creature dressed in a purple and white garment followed my movements and then (to my astonishment) imitated the sound of thunder.

For a moment I did not know what to think, although his meaning was plain enough. The question came into my mind, "Are these creatures fools?" You see, I had always expected that the people of the year 802,700 would be very far in front of us in knowledge, art, everything. Then one of them suddenly asked me a question which showed me that his mind was like that of one of our five-year-old children: he asked me if I had come from the sun in a thunderstorm! Till now I had formed no judgment about their clothes, their feeble limbs and delicate faces. A flood of disappointment rushed across my mind. For a moment I felt that I had built the Time Machine in vain.

C. I nodded; I pointed to the sun and gave such a fine imitation of thunder that I frightened them. They all drew back a step and bowed. Then one of them came laughing towards me, carrying a chain of beautiful flowers and put it round my neck. (The flowers were of a sort quite new to me.) The others gave musical cries of delight at this idea: soon they were all running to and fro gathering flowers and laughing and throwing them upon me till I was nearly covered with blossoms. You cannot imagine the delicate and wonderful flowers which thousands of years of skilled gardening had created.

Then someone suggested that their new plaything should be shown to the others in the nearest building. So I was led past the white stone figure towards a vast grey building made of carved stone. The white stone figure seemed to watch me with a smile at my astonishment. As I went with them I laughed at my solemn expectation of the grave and learned race of men who would follow us upon the Earth.

The building had a huge entrance and the whole thing was gigantic, but I could hardly notice it because of the growing crowd of Little People and the great open door before me and the shadowy and mysterious place beyond it. As I was led along I saw over the people's heads a waste of beautiful trees and bushes and flowers—a long-neglected garden. I saw a number of strange white flowers each measuring about a foot across. They grew scattered, as if wild, among the bushes; but I did not examine them closely at this time.

The Time Machine was left deserted on the grass among the flower-bushes.

D. The arch of the doorway was richly carved, but of course I did not notice the carvings very carefully; they seemed to be badly broken and worn by the weather. Several more people, in brightly coloured clothes, met me in the doorway. So we went in. My dull clothes of the nineteenth century looked very foolish below my crown of flowers, surrounded by the Little People in their bright, soft-coloured garments. They crowded round me talking and laughing. We made a strange procession!

The big doorway opened into a great hall hung

WE MADE A STRANGE PROCESSION

with brown. The roof was in shadow. The windows (some filled with coloured glass, and some with no glass) let in a dim light. The floor was made of huge pieces of some very hard white metal. It was so much worn by the going to and fro of people in the past that the main paths had become deep channels. Set across the hall there were many tables made of large flat pieces of polished stone raised about a foot off the floor. On these tables there were heaps of fruit. I recognized some of them—apples, oranges and other fruits which I knew, but they were far larger than any I had seen in the past. But most of the fruits were strange.

Between the tables was scattered a great number of cushions. The people who were leading me seated themselves and signed to me to do the same. Then they began at once to eat the fruit, throwing the skins and stones into openings in the sides of the tables. I followed their example very willingly, for I felt thirsty and hungry. As I did so I looked round the hall.

E. What I noticed most in the hall was its need of repair. The windows, made of coloured glass triangles and squares and circles, were broken in many places, and the curtains which hung across the lower end of the hall were thick with dust. I noticed that the corner of the stone table nearest to me was broken. But the general effect was very rich and beautiful.

There were about a hundred people eating in the hall. Most of them were seated as near to me as they could come, and they were watching me with interest, their little eyes shining over the fruit which they were

eating. All were dressed in the same soft, yet strong, silky material.

They ate nothing but fruit. These people of the distant future were fruit-eaters: they ate nothing else. While I was with them, in spite of my desire for meat, I had to be a fruit-eater too. Indeed, I found that horses, cows, sheep and dogs had died out as completely as the gigantic animals of the distant past. But the fruits were very delightful. There was one which was especially good—a floury thing in a three-sided shell.

At first I was puzzled by all these strange fruits and by the strange flowers which I saw; but later I began to understand their meaning.

F. As soon as I had eaten enough I decided to make an attempt to learn the language of these new men: that was the next thing for me to do. The fruits seemed to be a good thing to begin upon. I held one of them up and began to make signs that I wanted to know its name. At first they gazed at me in surprise, or burst into uncontrolled laughter. Then a little creature with fair hair seemed to understand what I wanted and repeated a name.

They talked a lot and explained the business at great length to each other. My first attempts to make the pretty little sounds of their language caused a great deal of amusement. But I felt like a schoolmaster in his class: I was very firm with them and soon I had learnt about twenty names of things. Then I learned their words for "this", "that", "these", "those", and "to eat". But it was slow work: the Little People soon got tired and wanted to get away from my questions. So I decided that it was better to

let them give me short lessons when they were willing to do so. The lessons were indeed very short, for I never met a people who were so lazy and who became tired so quickly.

I soon discovered a very strange thing about these people—that was their lack of interest. They often came to me with eager cries of astonishment like children; but (like children) they soon stopped examining me and wandered away to find some other plaything. After the dinner and language lesson I noticed that almost all those who first surrounded me had gone away.

It is strange how soon I began to take no notice of these little people. As soon as my hunger was satisfied I went out through the door into the sunlit world. I kept meeting more of these men of the future: they followed me about at a little distance; they talked and laughed around me; they smiled at me and made friendly signs, and then left me to do as I pleased.

Six

THE SUNSET OF MANKIND

A. When I came out of the great hall I came out into the calm of the evening. The scene was lit by the warm glow of the setting sun. At first things were very confusing. Everything was so different from the world which I had known—even the flowers. The big building which I had left was on the slope of a

broad river valley; but the River Thames had moved about a mile from its present position.

I decided to climb up to the top of a hill about a mile and a half away. As I walked I looked out for anything which would explain the ruinous condition in which I found the world. It was indeed ruinous; a little way up the hill there was a great heap of stone bound together with metal, walls fallen into decay and stones lying in heaps, with wild plants growing up among them. It was clearly the remains of some huge building, whose use and purpose I could not guess.

As I looked round I realized that there were no small houses to be seen. It seemed that the single house, lived in by one family, had ceased to exist. I could see here and there buildings which looked like palaces; but the small house and the cottage had disappeared.

B. Then another thought came to me; I looked at the six little people who were following me. I saw that all had the same sort of garment, the same soft hairless faces and the same girlish roundness of their limbs. (It may seem strange to you that I had not noticed this before: but everything was so strange.) In dress, skin, behaviour—in all those differences which now mark off the sexes (male and female) from each other these people of the future were alike. And the children looked like little men and women, smaller, but in every other way just like their parents. I guessed that the children of that time were very forward in development of body and in other ways: I found afterwards plenty of proof of this.

These people were living in great ease and safety; so one would expect that in such circumstances the

sexes would be very much alike. The strength of the man, the unity of the family, different work for men and for women—these things are necessities in an age of force and war. But when the people in a country are sufficient and there is no danger of their being killed off or dying out, then much child-bearing becomes an evil rather than a blessing. Where there is no danger of war and children are safe, there is less necessity for a strong family and the woman need no longer be specially given over to the care of children. We see some beginnings of this even in our own times: in the future age it was complete.

I must remind you that this is what I thought at the time. Later I discovered how very far away these thoughts were from the reality.

C. While I was thinking about these things my attention was drawn by a pretty little building, like a well under a small dome. "It is odd that wells should still exist," I thought, and went on considering other things. There were no large buildings towards the top of the hill. My walking-powers clearly seemed wonderful to the Little People, so I was soon left alone. With a feeling of freedom and adventure I pushed on towards the top.

There I found a seat made of some yellow metal. It was half covered with soft moss. I sat down and looked at the broad view of our old world under the sunset of that long day. It was as sweet and fair a view as I have ever seen. The sun had already gone below the horizon: the west was flaming gold touched with bars of purple and blood-red. Below me was the valley of the Thames in which the river lay like a band of polished steel. I have already spoken of the

great palaces dotted about among the trees, some in ruins, some still occupied. Here and there rose a white or silvery form in the waste garden of the earth; here and there I saw the straight slope of a roof or the curve of a dome. There were no separate fields, no fences; there was no sign of separate ownership, no marks of farming. The whole earth had become a garden.

As I sat there I began to form my explanation of the things which I had seen. (Afterwards I found that I had got only a half-truth, only a glance at one side of the truth.)

D. That red sunset started me thinking of the Sunset of Mankind: it seemed to me that I had come by chance upon mankind in a state of decay. For the first time I began to realize an odd result of the efforts at social improvement in which we are at present engaged: they produce weakness; this is their natural result. Strength is produced by the need for strength, safety is a help and encouragement to the feeble. Civilization makes the conditions of life better; it makes life itself safer. This work of civilization had gone on and on until it reached its highest point. One victory over nature followed another. Things which are now dreams became plans, and these plans became realities. And the harvest was what I saw!

The preservation of health and the scientific use of the land in the farming are, to-day, only in their beginnings. The science of our time has attacked only a small part of the field of human disease; yet its work spreads, slowly and steadily. On our farms and gardens we destroy a weed here and there; we grow

some twenty useful plants, and we leave the greater number to fight it out and live or die. We improve our favourite plants and animals gradually by breeding only from the best of them. But how few these favourite plants and animals are! We produce a new and better apple, a seedless orange, a sweeter and larger flower, a more convenient breed of cow. We improve them gradually, because our aims are not clear and our knowledge is small, and Nature works slowly in our unskilled hands. Some day all this will be better and better arranged. The whole world will be intelligent, educated, working together. Things will move faster and faster towards the final victory over Nature. In the end, wisely and carefully, we shall make animal and vegetable life work perfectly together to serve human needs.

E. All this work must have been done—well done—during those years over which my machine had jumped. The air was free from poisonous insects; the earth was free from weeds. Everywhere there were fruits and delightful flowers. All disease had been driven out: I saw no signs of contagious (catching) disease during all my stay. Even the processes of decay had been greatly affected by these changes.

There had been, too, great social improvements. I saw men living in splendid buildings to shelter them; I found them wonderfully clothed; and (until now) I had found them engaged in no sort of labour. There were no signs of struggle—neither struggle for wealth, nor struggle for social position and honour. The shop, advertisements, trade—all that business which is so important in our world—all was gone.

It was natural that on that golden evening I should

jump at the idea of a social heaven upon earth. In former times the difficulty always was the increasing population: this difficulty had been met: the population had ceased to increase.

This change in conditions had, of course, produced other changes. What is the cause of human intelligence and energy? They are caused by conditions in which the active, the strong and clever live, and the weaker die. They are caused by conditions which demand the loyal working together of intelligent men—which demand self-control and patience and decision.

From the great dangers to the young in those former times there arose the Family, the man's fierce possessiveness of the wife, the tenderness for the young, the parents' self-sacrifice. Now there were no dangers; the young were in no danger. There is always a growing disapproval of the possessiveness of the husband, of the fierceness of motherhood, of strong feelings of all kinds. Strong feelings are unnecessary; they make us uncomfortable; they are out of tune with a pleasant civilized life.

F. I thought of the small, weak bodies of the people, their lack of intelligence, and of those many great ruined buildings. This strengthened my belief in a perfect conquest of Nature. After the battle, there was Quiet. Man was strong, energetic, intelligent, and used his energy to change the conditions of his life. He made for himself a world of perfect comfort and perfect safety.

Under the new conditions of perfect comfort and perfect safety that restless energy (which with us now is strength) became a weakness. Even in our time

certain desires which were once necessary for life are causes of failure. Bodily courage and love of battle are no help and may even do harm to a civilized man.

For many years there had been no danger of war or attack, no danger from wild beasts, no diseases to need strength of body to fight them; no need of hard labour. For such a life the weak are as well suited as the strong; indeed the weak are no longer weak. They are better suited to such conditions, because the strong are restless and driven by an energy for which there is no outlet.

Those beautiful buildings were the last outburst of the now purposeless energy of Man before he settled down to work in unity with the new conditions: they were his Cry of Victory before he began the Last Great Peace. This has always been the fate of energy in security—men use their energy in Art or in love; and then, in the end, come idleness and decay.

In the piece of Time which I saw this feeling for Art had almost died away. To adorn themselves with flowers, to dance, to sing in the sunlight—that was all that remained of the artistic spirit. In the end even that would fade into contented inactivity. As a knife is sharpened on a stone, so Pain and Necessity keep Man keen: but here that hateful stone was broken at last. . . .

As I stood there in the gathering dark, I thought that in this simple explanation I had understood the whole secret of these charming people. Perhaps their check on the increase of population had succeeded too well and their numbers had not remained the same but had become less. That would explain the empty ruins.

My explanation was very simple, and seemed very believable—but it was wrong!

Seven

LOSS OF THE TIME MACHINE

A. As I stood there, the full moon came up, and its silver light flowed out over the world. The bright little figures ceased to move about below me. It was cold: I decided to go down and find where I could sleep.

I looked for the building which I knew. Then my eye passed on to the figure of the White Sphinx. It became more and more distinct as the light of the rising moon grew brighter. The bushes round it were black in the pale light. In front of it there was a little lawn. I looked at the lawn again. A strange doubt came to me.

"No!" I said bravely to myself, "that was not the lawn!"

But it was the lawn. The white face of the Sphinx was towards it. The Time Machine had gone!

Can you imagine what I felt when I saw that this was indeed true? The Time Machine had gone!

I might be left helpless in this strange new world with no hope of return. The thought seemed to seize me by the throat and stop my breathing. In another moment I was running madly down the slope. Once I fell head first, and cut my face. I did not wait

to stop the bleeding, but jumped up and ran on with the warm blood running down my cheek and chin. All the time, as I ran, I was saying to myself: "They have moved it a little; they have pushed it under the bushes out of the way." Yet I knew that this was foolishness; I knew that the machine had been taken away out of my reach.

My breath came with pain. I suppose I covered the whole distance from the top of the hill to the little lawn (about two miles) in ten minutes—and I was not a young man. I cursed aloud at my confident folly in leaving the machine: it was a waste of breath. I cried aloud: no one answered. Not a creature seemed to be moving in that moonlit world.

B. When I reached the lawn my worst fears were realized. There was not a trace of the machine to be seen. I felt faint and cold as I looked at the empty space among the bushes. I ran round the place, as if the thing might be hidden in a corner: then I stopped suddenly with my hands seizing my hair. The Sphinx towered above me, on its bronze base, white in the light of the rising moon. It seemed to smile, mocking at my helpless despair.

I might have comforted myself by imagining that the Little People had put the machine in some shelter for me; but I was quite sure that they had neither the intelligence nor the strength to do so. That was what frightened me. I felt that there was some power whose existence I had not so far suspected, and it had caused my Time Machine to disappear. Yet I felt sure of one thing: it could not have moved in Time. I had taken the starting handles off the machine. No one could possibly start it without them. The machine

had moved only in space. It was hidden somewhere. Where could it be?

I think I must have had a short attack of madness. I remember running in and out among the moonlit bushes. Some white animal jumped up frightened in the dim light—something like a deer. I remember beating the bushes with my hands so that they bled. Then, crying aloud in my misery, I ran down to the great stone building.

C. The big hall was dark, silent and deserted. I slipped on the uneven floor and fell over one of the stone tables. I lit a match and went past the dusty curtains.

There I found a second great hall covered with cushions upon which twenty or thirty of the little people were sleeping. I think they must have found this appearance of mine very strange, for I came suddenly out of the quiet darkness making wordless noises and lighting a match. They had forgotten about matches.

"Where is my Time Machine?" I shouted like an angry child. I seized some of them and shook them. It must have seemed very strange. Some of them laughed; most of them looked very frightened.

When I saw them standing round me, I realized that I was behaving very foolishly and only making them afraid of me. I threw down the match and (knocking over one of the people in my course) I ran across the big dining-hall again and out under the moonlight. I heard cries of terror and their little feet running this way and that.

I do not remember all that I did as the moon came slowly up into the sky. I suppose it was the un-

expected nature of my loss which maddened me. I felt hopelessly cut off from the people of my own kind. I was a strange animal in a strange world. I ran to and fro screaming and crying upon God. I felt among the moonlit ruins, touching strange creatures in the black shadows. In the end I lay on the ground near the Sphinx and wept in absolute misery.

Then I slept. When I woke it was full day and two little birds were hopping round me on the grass within reach of my arm.

D. I sat up in the freshness of the morning trying to remember how I had got there and why I had such a feeling of loss and despair. Then things came clear in my mind. With the plain, reasonable daylight, I could look my circumstances fairly in the face. I saw the wild folly of my mad behaviour last night, and I could reason with myself.

"Suppose the worst?" I said. "Suppose the machine is altogether lost—perhaps destroyed? I must be calm and I must learn the ways of the people, must find out how the Time Machine had been lost, stolen, or taken away, and also find some means of getting materials and tools; so that in the end, perhaps, I may make another Time Machine. That would be my only hope, a poor hope perhaps, but better than despair. And, after all, it is a beautiful and curious world."

But probably the machine had only been taken away. Still, I must be calm and patient, find its hiding-place, and recover it by force or by some trick. I stood up and looked about me, wondering where I could bathe. I felt weary, stiff and dirty. The freshness of the morning made me desire an equal freshness.

My emotion was finished. Indeed, as I went about my business, I found myself wondering at my excitement last night.

I made a careful examination of the ground about the little lawn. I wasted some time in useless questionings of such of the Little People as came by. They all failed to understand me; some were simply dull, some thought it was a joke and laughed at me. I had the hardest task in the world to keep my hands off their pretty laughing faces.

The grass gave better advice. I found a long mark in it, about midway between the base of the Sphinx and the marks of my feet where, on arrival, I struggled with the overturned machine. There were other signs of removal; and I saw some strange narrow footprints like those I could imagine made by a *sloth*.

E. This long mark directed my closer attention to the base of the Sphinx. It was, as I think I have said, of bronze. It was not a mere block, but highly decorated with deep-framed side-pieces. I went and tapped these. The base was hollow. Examining the sides with care I found they were not all one piece with the frames. There were no handles or keyholes; possibly the sides, if they were doors, as I supposed, opened from within. One thing was clear enough to my mind. It took no

very great effort of thought to guess that my Time Machine was inside that base. But how it got there was a different problem.

I saw the heads of two Little People, dressed in orange garments, coming under some blossom covered apple-trees towards me. I turned smiling to them and made signs for them to come to me. They came. Then, pointing to the bronze base, I tried to show my wish to open it. But at my first movement towards this they behaved very strangely. I don't know how to describe their expression to you. Suppose you were to make a very rude sign to a delicate-minded woman—it is how she would look. They went off as if they had received the last possible insult!

I next tried a sweet-looking little fellow in white, with exactly the same result. Somehow, his manner made me feel ashamed of myself. But, as you know, I wanted the Time Machine, and I tried him once more. As he turned off, like the others, I became angry. In three steps I caught him; I had him by the loose part of his garment round the neck, and began dragging him towards the Sphinx. Then I saw the horror of his face, and all of a sudden I let him go.

But I was not beaten yet. I hit the bronze plates as hard as I could with my hands. I thought I heard something move inside—to be exact, I thought I heard a sound like a laugh—but I must have been mistaken. Then I got a big stone from the river, and came and hammered till I had flattened a circle in the decorations, and the rust came off in a powdery shower. The delicate Little People must have heard me hammering a mile away on either hand. I saw a crowd of them upon the slopes, looking secretly at me. At last, hot and tired, I sat down to watch the place.

But I was too restless to watch long; I could work at a problem for years, but to wait inactive for twenty-four hours—that is another matter.

F. I got up after a time, and began walking aimlessly through the bushes towards the hill again.

"Patience!" said I to myself. "If you want your machine again you must leave that Sphinx alone. If they mean to take your machine away, it's little good your breaking those doors; and, if they don't, you will get it back as soon as you can ask for it. Face this world. Learn its ways; watch it; be careful of too hasty guesses at its meaning. In the end you will find the meaning of it all."

Then suddenly I thought of the years I had spent in study and labour to get into the future age, and now my eager anxiety to get out of it—and I laughed. I had made myself the most complicated and the most hopeless trap that ever a man devised. I laughed aloud.

Going through the big palace, it seemed to me that the Little People avoided me. It may have been my fancy, or it may have had something to do with my hammering at the gates of bronze. Yet I felt quite sure they were avoiding me. I was careful to show no anxiety and not to pursue them, and in the course of a day or two things were friendly again.

I made what progress I could in the language. Either I missed some difficult point, or their language was surprisingly simple: it contained nothing but names of things and verbs. There seemed to be few, if any, abstract words. Their sentences were usually simple and of two words, and I failed to make them understand any but the simplest ideas. I determined

to put the thought of my Time Machine and the mystery of the bronze doors under the Sphinx in a corner of memory. In the end growing knowledge would lead me back to them in a natural way. Yet a certain feeling, you may understand, held me in a circle of a few miles round the point of my arrival.

So far as I could see, all the world showed the same richness as the Thames valley. From every hill I climbed I saw splendid buildings, endlessly varied in material and form. Here and there water shone like silver, and beyond it the land rose into blue hills, and so faded into the calm of the sky.

G. A peculiar thing, which soon attracted my attention, was the presence of certain circular wells; several seemed to be of very great depth. One lay by the path up the hill, which I had followed during my first walk. Like the others, it was edged with bronze, curiously carved and protected by a little dome from the rain. Sitting by the side of these wells, and peering down into the darkness, I could see no glimmer of water, nor could I start any reflection with a lighted match. But in all of them I heard a certain sound: a *thud—thud—thud,* like the beating of some big engine; and I discovered, from the flame of my matches, that a steady current of air flowed down the wells. I threw a piece of paper into the throat of one; instead of floating slowly down, it was at once drawn down swiftly out of sight.

After a time, too, I connected these wells with tall towers standing here and there upon the slopes; for above them there was often just such a movement in the air as one sees on a hot day above a hot stretch of sand. Putting things together, I reached a strong sug-

gestion of some system of ventilation.[1] It seemed to be some sort of underground ventilation. I was at first inclined to think it had to do with ventilating the drainage (the pipes which carry away waste matter); but I was quite wrong.

H. I must admit that I learned very little about drains, about the carriage of goods from place to place and things of this sort during my time in the future. In some story-books about future worlds there is a great amount of information about such things. But imagine what a man fresh from Central Africa would tell his people about London. What would he know about its drains, its telephones, telegraphs, about the inside workings of its postal system? Even if he knew, how would he make his friends understand? The distance between the mind of such a man and our minds is small: but the distance between my mind and the minds of those people, many thousands of years apart from me, was enormous. I knew of much which was unseen which helped to make me comfortable, but I knew nothing of the hidden workings of the system.

In the matter of burial, for example, I could see no graves: perhaps they were beyond the furthest point of my travels.

Another thing puzzled me still more: there were no aged or weak.

I could see that many of my ideas about these people were wrong. Let me tell some of my difficulties. The several big palaces I had seen were mere living places, great dining-halls and sleeping apartments. I could find no machinery of any kind. Yet these people were clothed in pleasant garments that must

[1] Putting fresh air into a building and taking out used air.

at times need renewal, and their shoes, though undecorated, were complicated pieces of metalwork. Somehow such things must be made. And the Little People showed no sign of being able to make anything themselves. There were no shops, no workrooms. They spent all their time in playing gently, in bathing in the river, in making love in a half-playful fashion, in eating fruit and sleeping. I could not see how things were kept going.

Then, again, about the Time Machine: something (I knew not what) had taken it into the hollow base of the White Sphinx. Why? I could not imagine why. Those waterless wells, too, those pillars giving out hot air. I felt I had missed something. I felt—how shall I put it? Suppose you found a piece of writing with sentences here and there in excellent plain English, and mixed in with it others made up of words, of letters even, absolutely unknown to you? Well, on the third day of my visit, that was how the world of 802,701 looked to me!

Eight

WEENA

A. I made a friend—of a sort. It happened as I was watching some of the Little People bathing. One of them was seized with cramp[1] and was being carried

[1] Sudden painful stiffness of the legs so that one cannot move them.

away down the stream. It will give you an idea, therefore, of the strange weakness in these creatures, when I tell you that none made the slightest attempt to save the little thing which was drowning before their eyes. When I realized this, I hurriedly took off my clothes and went into the water at a point lower down. I caught the poor creature and drew her safe to land. I rubbed her limbs, and I had the satisfaction of seeing she was all right before I left her. I had got to such a low idea of the Little People that I did not expect any gratitude from her. In that, however, I was wrong.

This happened in the morning. In the afternoon I met my little woman as I was returning towards my centre from a long walk, and she received me with cries of delight and presented me with a big garland of flowers—evidently made for me and me alone. The thing took my imagination. Very possibly I had been feeling sad. At any rate I did my best to show that I was pleased by the gift. We were soon seated together in a little stone hut, engaged in conversation, chiefly of smiles. The creature's friendliness affected me exactly as a child's might have done. We passed each other flowers, and she kissed my hands. I did the same to hers. Then I tried talk, and found that her name was Weena. That was the beginning of a queer friendship which lasted a week, and ended—as I will tell you!

B. She was exactly like a child. She wanted to be with me always. She tried to follow me everywhere, and on my next journey out and about it went to my heart to tire her so, and leave her at last, tired out and calling after me. But the problems of the world

had to be mastered. I had not, I said to myself, come into the future to carry on a tiny love affair.

Her distress when I left her was very great; but she was, somehow, a very great comfort. I thought it was mere childish affection that made her hold to me. Until it was too late, I did not clearly know what pain I had given her when I left her. Nor until it was too late did I clearly understand what she was to me. For, by merely seeming fond of me, and showing in her weak, foolish way that she cared for me, the little doll of a creature gave my return to the neighbourhood of the White Sphinx almost the feeling of coming home. I would watch for her tiny figure of white and gold as soon as I came over the hills. It was from her, too, that I learned that fear had not yet left the world. She was fearless enough in the daylight, and she had the oddest confidence in me. Once, in a foolish moment, I gave her a threatening look, and she simply laughed at me. But she feared the dark shadows, black things. Darkness to her was the one thing dreadful. I discovered then, among other things, that these Little People gathered into the great houses after dark, and slept in groups. To enter upon them without a light was to make them wild with fear. I never found one out of doors, or one sleeping alone within doors, after dark. Yet I was still so stupid that I missed the lesson of that fear, and in spite of Weena's distress I went on sleeping away from those companies of the others.

It troubled her greatly, but in the end her odd affection for me won, and for five of the nights of our friendship, including the last night of all, she slept with her head on my arm. But my story slips away from me as I speak of her.

C. It happened on that night before I saved her from drowning. I was awakened about dawn. I had been restless, dreaming most disagreeably that I was drowned, and that sea-creatures were touching my face with their soft cold feelers. I woke with a start, and with an odd fancy that some greyish animal had just rushed out of the room. I tried to get to sleep again, but I felt restless and uncomfortable. It was that dim grey hour when things are just creeping out of darkness, when everything is colourless and clear cut, and yet unreal. I got up, and went down into the great hall, and so out upon the stones in front of the Palace. I thought that, as I had woken up, I would see the sunrise.

The moon was setting, and the dying moonlight and the first pale light of dawn were mixed in a ghostly half-light. The bushes were inky black, the ground a dull grey, the sky colourless and cheerless. And up the hill I thought I could see ghosts. Three times, as I looked at the slope, I saw white figures. Twice I fancied I saw a white *ape*-like creature running rather quickly up the hill, and once near the ruins I saw two of them carrying some dark body. They moved hastily. I did not see what happened to them. It seemed that they disappeared among the bushes. The dawn was still indistinct: I doubted my eyes.

D. As the eastern sky grew brighter, and the light of the day came on I looked carefully; but I saw no sign of my white figures. They were mere creatures of the half-light. "They must have been ghosts," I said. I was thinking of these figures all the morning, until Weena drove them out of my head. I associated them in some indefinite way with the white animal I had seen in my first search for the Time Machine. Weena was a pleasant subject for thought.

I think I have said how much hotter the weather of this Golden Age was than our own. I cannot explain this. It may be that the sun was hotter, or the Earth nearer the sun. It is usual to believe that the sun will go on cooling steadily in the future. But people forget that the planets[1] must in the end fall back one by one into the parent body. As they do so, the sun will blaze with renewed energy. It may be that some planet nearer to the sun than our Earth had suffered this fate. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the sun was very much hotter than we know it.

Well, one very hot morning—my fourth, I think—I was seeking shelter from the heat in a gigantic ruin near the great house where I slept and fed. Climbing among these heaps of stones, I found a narrow passage whose end and side windows were blocked. I entered it feeling my way, for the change from light to blackness made spots of colour swim before me. Suddenly I stopped. A pair of eyes was watching me out of the darkness.

The old inborn dread of wild beasts came upon me. I was afraid to turn. Then I thought of the absolute

[1] The Earth and other worlds going round the sun are planets.

security in which Man appeared to be living; and then I remembered that strange terror of the dark. Overcoming my fear I advanced a step and spoke. I will admit that my voice was hard and ill-controlled. I put out my hand and touched something soft. At once the eyes jumped sideways, and something white ran past me. I turned with my heart in my mouth and saw a queer little ape-like figure, its head held down in a peculiar manner, running across the sunlit space behind me. It ran against a block of stone, fell, and in a moment was hidden in a black shadow beneath another pile of ruins.

E. My idea of it is, of course, imperfect; but I know it was a dull white, and had strange large greyish-red eyes; also that there was light yellow hair on its head and down its back. But, as I say, it went too fast for me to see distinctly. I cannot even say whether it ran on four feet, or only with its forearms held very low. After an instant's pause I followed it into the second heap of ruins. I could not find it at first; but, after a time in the darkness, I came upon one of those round well-like openings of which I have told you, half closed by a fallen pillar. A sudden thought came to me. Could this Thing have disappeared down the well?

I lit a match, and, looking down, I saw a small, white, moving creature, with large bright eyes which gazed at me steadily as it retreated. It filled me with disgust. It was so like a human *spider*. It was climbing down the well, and now I saw for the first time a number of metal rests for the feet or hands, forming a kind of ladder. Then the light burned my fingers and fell out of my hand, going out as it dropped.

When I had lit another match the creature had disappeared.

Spider-like creature

I do not know how long I sat gazing down that well. It was some time before I could persuade myself that the thing which I had seen was human. But, gradually, the truth dawned on me!—Man had not remained one, but had changed and become two different animals. My graceful children of the Upper-world were not the only descendants of Man as he was in our time; this pale, horrible Thing which lived in darkness was also our descendant.

F. I thought of the pillars and of my idea of an underground ventilation. I began to suspect their true meaning. And what, I wondered, was this creature doing in the system of life as I had thought it out? How was it related to the lazy calm of the beautiful Upper-worlders? And what was hidden down there, at the foot of that well? I sat upon the edge of the well telling myself that there was nothing to fear. I must go down there to find the answer to my difficulties. Yet I was absolutely afraid to go!

As I hesitated, two of the beautiful Upper-world people came running in their play across the daylight

into the shadow. The male pursued the female, throwing flowers at her as he ran.

They seemed distressed to find me, my arm against the overturned pillar, gazing down the well. It seemed to be considered bad manners to notice these wells. When I pointed to this one, and tried to ask a question about it in their language, they were even more distressed and turned away. But they were interested in my matches, and I struck some to amuse them. I asked them again about the well, and again I failed. So I left them, meaning to go back to Weena, and see what I could get from her.

My guesses and ideas were slipping and sliding to a new shape. I had now some idea of the meaning of these wells, of the ventilating towers, of the mystery of the ghosts. I knew the meaning of the bronze gates and the fate of the Time Machine!

Then very dimly there came a suggestion as to the question how these Little People lived, how their clothes and food and other needs were supplied. This second kind of Man lived underground. This was shown by the pale look common in most animals that live largely in the dark—the white fish of the Kentucky caves, for example. It was shown by those large eyes which are common in night animals such as the cat. And last of all, that evident confusion in the sunshine, that hasty flight towards dark shadow, and that peculiar way of holding the head while in the light—all were signs of an animal which lives in darkness.

G. Beneath my feet, then, the earth must be tunnelled[1] enormously, and these tunnellings were the home of the new race. The presence of ventilating

[1] A tunnel = a passage cut under the ground.

chimneys and wells along the hill slopes—everywhere, in fact, except along the river valley—showed how widespread this tunnelling was. In this Under-world such work as was necessary to the comfort of the daylight race was done.

It seemed clear to me that the gradual widening of the present social difference between the Capitalist[1] and the Labourer, was the key to the whole position. There is even now a tendency to use underground space—to use it for the less ornamental purposes of civilization; there is the Underground Railway in London; there are underground workrooms and restaurants, and they increase and multiply. Clearly, I thought, this tendency had increased till Industry had gradually lost its right to live under the sky. It had gone deeper and deeper into larger and ever larger underground factories, spending a still-increasing amount of its time there, till, in the end——! Even now, does not an East-end worker in London live in such conditions that he is practically cut off from the natural surface of the earth?

On the other side there is the tendency of the rich to keep themselves more and more separate from the poor. For this reason large parts of the surface of the earth are kept closed—for their use. Half the prettier country round London is shut in against all outsiders. This makes the exchange between class and class more and more difficult. At present there is some intermarriage (some marrying between rich and poor) which delays the division of Man into two separate animals. But in the end this happened; Man divided. Above ground there were the Haves, pursuing pleasure and comfort and beauty. Below ground

[1] Owner of machinery, etc., who employs workers.

there were the Workers becoming continually more and more used to the conditions of their labour and as happy in their way as the Upper-world people were in their way.

H. This double civilization had long ago reached its highest point and was now far fallen into decay. The too-perfect security of the Upper-worlders had led to a general decrease in size, strength, and intelligence. That I could see clearly enough already. What had happened to the undergrounders I did not yet suspect; but from what I had seen of the Morlocks—that was the name by which these creatures were called—I could imagine that the change was even far greater than among the "Eloi", the beautiful race that I already knew.

Then came troublesome doubts. Why had the Morlocks taken my Time Machine? For I felt sure it was they who had taken it. Why, if the Eloi were masters, could they not get the machine back for me? And why were they so terribly afraid of the dark?

I questioned Weena about this Under-world, but here again I was disappointed. At first she could not understand my questions, and later she refused to answer them. She behaved as if the subject was unbearable. And when I pressed her, she burst into tears. They were the only tears, except my own, I ever saw in that Golden Age. When I saw them I ceased to trouble about the Morlocks, and was only concerned in drying the tears from Weena's eyes. Very soon she was smiling and clapping[1] her hands, while I solemnly burned a match.

[1] To clap = to strike the hands together as a sign of approval.

Nine

IN THE UNDER-WORLD

A. It was two days before I could follow up my new discovery. I felt a peculiar dislike of those pale bodies. They were just the grey colour of the dead things one sees preserved in spirit in a museum.[1] And they were horribly cold to the touch. Probably my dislike was largely due to the influence of the Eloi, whose disgust of the Morlocks I now began to understand.

The next night I did not sleep well. I was filled with doubt. Once or twice I had a feeling of fear for which I could find no definite reason. I remember creeping noiselessly into the great hall where the Little People were sleeping in the moonlight—that night Weena was among them—and feeling safer in their presence.

In the course of a few days the moon must pass through its last quarter, and the nights grow dark; then the appearances of these unpleasant creatures from below might be more numerous. I felt sure that the Time Machine could only be regained by boldly going into these mysterious underground places. Yet I could not face the mystery. If only I had a companion it would be different. But I was so horribly alone, and even to climb down into the darkness of the well filled me with horror. I don't know if you

[1] Place in which things of scientific, artistic and historical interest are kept for people to see.

will understand my feeling, but I never felt quite safe at my back.

A feeling of restlessness drove me farther and farther abroad in my walks. One day I went to the south-westward towards the rising country which is now called Combe Wood. I observed far off, in the direction of nineteenth-century Banstead, a vast green building, different in character from any I had seen. It was larger than the largest of the palaces or ruins I knew, and the front had a Chinese look. It had a smooth, pale-green surface like that of certain Chinese pots. The difference in appearance suggested some difference in use, and I wanted to go on and learn more. But the day was growing late; so I decided to hold over the adventure for to-morrow, and I returned to the welcome and love of little Weena.

B. On the next morning I saw clearly enough that my interest in the Chinese Green Palace was really a piece of self-deception—to enable me to avoid for one more day an experience which I dreaded. I decided to make the descent without further waste of time, and started out in the early morning. Little Weena ran with me. She danced beside me to the well, but when she saw me bend over the mouth and look downward, she seemed strangely distressed.

"Good-bye, little Weena," I said, kissing her. Then, putting her down, I began to feel the inside of the well for the climbing hooks. At first Weena watched me in amazement. Then she gave a cry, and, running to me, she began to pull at me with her little hands. I think her opposition gave me courage to go on. I shook her off, perhaps a little roughly, and in another moment I was in the throat of the well. I

saw her anxious face above me and smiled to show that I was all right. Then I had to look down at the hooks to which I was holding.

I had to climb down perhaps two hundred yards. There were metal bars standing out from the sides of the well. These were made for the needs of a creature much smaller and lighter than myself; so I was quickly tired by the descent. One of the bars bent suddenly under my weight, and almost swung me off into the blackness beneath. For a moment I hung by one hand, and after that experience I did not dare to rest again. Though my arms and back were soon very painful, I went on climbing down the steep descent with as quick a motion as possible. Looking upward, I saw the opening as a small blue circle, in which a star was visible, while little Weena's head showed as a round black point on the edge. The thudding sound of a machine below grew louder and louder. Everything except that little circle above was black darkness, and when I looked up again Weena had disappeared.

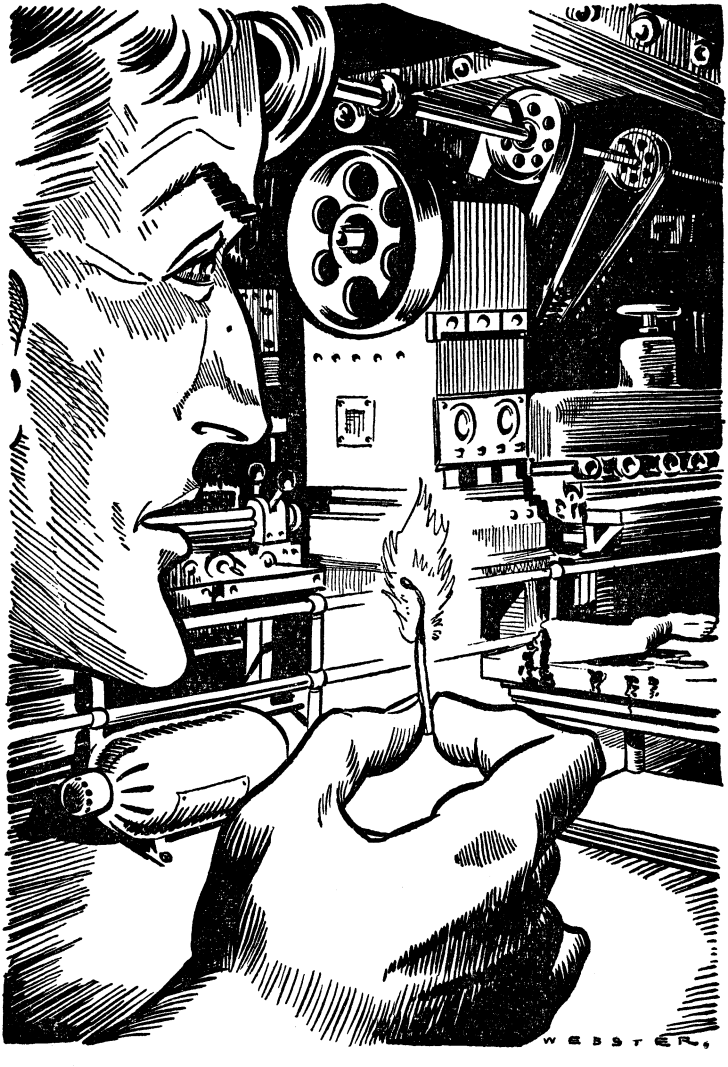
C. I was in great pain and discomfort. I had some thought of trying to go up the well again, and leave the Under-world alone. But even while I turned this over in my mind I continued to descend. At last, I saw dimly coming up, a foot to the right of me, a narrow hole in the wall. Swinging myself in, I found it was the opening of a horizontal tunnel in which I could lie down and rest. I needed a rest! My arms were stiff and painful and I was trembling with fear of a fall. Besides this, the unbroken darkness had had a distressing effect upon my eyes. The air was full of the *throb* and *hum* of machinery pumping air down.

I do not know how long I lay. I was roused by a soft hand touching my face. Starting up in the darkness I seized my matches; and hastily struck one. I saw three white creatures very like the one I had seen above ground in the ruin, hastily retreating before the light. Because they lived in what appeared to me complete darkness, their eyes were very large and sensitive, just as are the eyes of the deep-sea fishes, and they reflected the light in the same way. I have no doubt they could see me quite well in that darkness, and they did not seem to have any fear of me apart from the light. But, so soon as I struck a match in order to see them, they fled wildly away, disappearing into dark pipes and tunnels, from which their eyes shone out at me in the strangest fashion.

I tried to call to them, but their language was different from that of the Over-world people.

D. I felt my way along the tunnel. The noise of machinery grew louder. Soon the walls fell away from me, and I came to a large open space, and, striking another match, saw that I had entered a vast arched cave, which stretched into utter darkness beyond the range of my light. The view I had of it was as much as one could see in the burning of a match.

Great shapes like big machines rose out of the darkness and cast gigantic black shadows, in which dim, ghost-like Morlocks sheltered from the light. The place was very hot and airless, and the faint smell of fresh blood was in the air. Some way down the central passage was a little table of white metal, laid with what seemed a meal. The Morlocks at any rate were meat-eaters! Even at the time, I remember wondering what



THE FAINT SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD WAS IN THE AIR

large animal could have supplied the red leg of meat which I saw. It was all very indistinct—the heavy smell, the big unmeaning shapes, the dim figures hiding in the shadows and only waiting for the darkness to come at me again! Then the match burned down and fell, a red spot in the blackness.

I have since thought how badly prepared I was for such an experience. When I started with the Time Machine, I had the idea that the men of the future would certainly be far ahead of ourselves in all their things. I had come without weapons, without medicine, without anything to smoke—even without enough matches. If only I had thought of a camera! I could have taken a photograph of the Under-world in a second, and examined it later. But, as it was, I stood there with only the weapons and the powers which Nature had given me—hands, feet, and teeth; these, and four safety-matches that still remained to me.

E. I was afraid to push my way in among all this machinery in the dark; and I discovered that my store of matches had run low. I never thought until that moment that there was any need to be careful of them. I had wasted almost half the box in astonishing the Upper-worlders. Now I had four left, and while I stood in the dark, a hand touched mine, cold fingers came feeling over my face, and I noticed a peculiar unpleasant smell. I fancied I heard the breathing of a crowd of those dreadful little creatures about me. I felt the box of matches in my hand being gently pulled away, and other hands behind me picking at my clothing.

The feeling of these unseen creatures examining me was very unpleasant. I shouted at them as loudly

as I could. They started away, and then I could feel them coming back again. They touched me more boldly, whispering odd sounds to each other. I trembled; then I shouted again. This time they were not so seriously alarmed, and they made a queer laughing noise as they came back at me. I will confess I was horribly frightened.

I decided to strike another match and escape under the protection of its light. I did so, and used it to light a piece of paper from my pocket, while I retreated to the narrow tunnel. But I had scarcely entered this when my light was blown out, and in the blackness I could hear the Morlocks whispering like wind among leaves, and their little feet like the rain, as they hurried after me.

In a moment I was seized by several hands, and there was no mistaking that they were trying to pull me back. I struck another light, and waved it in their faces. You can scarce imagine how horrible they looked—those pale, chinless faces and great lidless, pinkish-grey eyes!—as they gazed in their blindness and fear. But I did not stay to look: I retreated again, and when my second match had ended, I struck my third. It had almost burned through when I reached the opening into the well.

F. I felt sideways for the bars. As I did so, my feet were seized from behind, and I was pulled backward. I lit my last match . . . and it went out at once. But I had my hand on the climbing bars now, I kicked and freed myself from the hands of the Morlocks and was speedily climbing up, while they stayed gazing up at me: all but one little creature who followed me for some way, and nearly got my boot as a prize.

That climb seemed endless to me. With the last twenty or thirty feet of it a deadly sickness came upon me. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my hold. The last few yards was a frightful struggle against this faintness. Several times my head swam, and I felt as if I was falling. At last I got over the well-mouth somehow, and came out of the ruin into the blinding sunlight. I fell upon my face. Even the soil smelt sweet and clean. Then I remember Weena kissing my hands and ears, and the voices of others among the Eloi. Then, for a time, I was senseless.

Now I seemed to be in a worse state than before. Until now I thought that my only difficulty in getting back the Time Machine was the childish simplicity of the Little People, and some unknown force. I thought that, if only I could understand that unknown force, I could overcome it. But there was something quite new in the Morlocks—something inhuman and evil. I hated them! Until now I felt only like a man who has fallen into a trap. Now I felt like a beast in a trap whose enemy would come upon him soon.

That enemy which I feared was—the New Moon!

G. Weena had put this idea about the New Moon into my head by some remarks about the Dark Nights. It was not now very difficult to guess what the coming Dark Nights might mean. The moon was decreasing: each night there was a longer time of darkness. And I now understood the reason of the fear of the little Upper-world people for the dark. I wondered what evil things the Morlocks did under the new moon.

The Upper-world people might once have been favoured nobles, and the Morlocks their mechanical servants; but that had long since passed away. The

two peoples had arrived at an altogether new relationship. The Eloi had decayed to a mere beautiful uselessness. They were still allowed to possess the earth, because the Morlocks had lived underground for so long that they found the earth's surface unbearable. The Morlocks made their garments and supplied their other needs—perhaps because they were accustomed to serve—just as a horse goes on pulling a cart when there is no driver. But clearly the old order had changed. The fate of the delicate Little People was fast approaching. Ages ago, thousands of generations ago, man had driven his brother man out of the ease and the sunshine. And now that brother was coming back—changed! Already the Eloi had begun to learn one lesson anew. They were again learning Fear. And suddenly there came into my head the memory of the meat I had seen in the Under-world. It seemed odd how it floated into my mind: I tried to remember the shape of it. I had a feeling that I had seen it before, but I could not tell what it was at the time.

Still, however helpless the Little People were in the presence of their mysterious Fear, I was different. I came out of this age of ours, when Fear does not make one helpless and mystery has lost its terrors. I at least would defend myself. Without further delay I determined to make myself arms and a safe place where I might sleep. I felt I could never sleep again until my bed was secure from the Morlocks. I shook with horror to think how they must already have examined me.

Ten

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

A. I wandered during the afternoon along the valley of the Thames, but found nothing suitable as a safe place for sleeping. All the buildings and trees could easily be climbed by the Morlocks. Then the tall towers of the Green Palace and its polished walls came back to my memory. In the evening, taking Weena like a child upon my shoulder, I went up the hills towards the south-west. I thought that the distance was about seven or eight miles, but it was really nearer eighteen. I first saw the place on a rainy afternoon when distances seem much shorter than they are. Now there was a nail in my shoe and my foot was sore and painful. I walked with difficulty. So it was already long past sunset when I came in sight of the palace, standing up black against the pale yellow of the sky.

Weena was hugely delighted when I began to carry her, but after a time she desired me to let her down, and ran along by the side of me, occasionally going off to pick flowers to put in my pockets. My pockets always puzzled Weena, but at the last she had decided that they were an unusual kind of container for flowers. At least she used them for that purpose. And that reminds me! In changing my coat I found . . .

The Time Traveller paused, put his hand into his pocket, and silently placed two dead flowers, not

unlike very large white lilies, upon the little table. Then he went on with his story.

B. As the quiet of evening crept over the world and we walked over the hill towards Wimbledon, Weena grew tired and wanted to return to the house of stone. But I pointed out the distant towers of the Green Palace to her, and made her understand that we were seeking a safe place there from her Fear.

You know that great silence that comes upon things before the dark? Even the wind stops in the trees. To me there is always an air of expectation about that evening stillness. The sky was clear, distant, and empty save for a few long bars of cloud far down in the sunset. In that darkening calm my senses seemed sharpened. I fancied I could even feel the hollowness of the ground beneath my feet: could, indeed, almost see through it the Morlocks in their ant-hill going here and there and waiting for the dark. I felt that they looked upon me as their enemy, that there was war between me and them. . . . Why had they taken my Time Machine?

So we went on in the quiet, and the half-light deepened into night. The clear blue of the distance faded, and one star after another came out. The ground grew dim and the trees black. Weena's fears and her weariness grew upon her. I took her in my arms and talked to her. Then, as the darkness grew deeper, she put her arms round my neck, and, closing her eyes, tightly pressed her face against my shoulder. So we went down a long slope into a valley, and there in the dimness I almost walked into a little river. I crossed it and went up the opposite side of the valley, past a number of Sleeping-houses, and by a statue

which had no head. So far I had seen nothing of the Morlocks, but it was yet early in the night, and the darker hours before the old moon rose were still to come.

C. From the top of the next hill I saw a thick forest or wood spreading wide and black before me. I could see no end to it, either to the right or the left. I felt tired; my feet were very sore. I carefully lowered Weena from my shoulder as I stopped and sat down upon the grass. I could no longer see the Green Palace, and I was in doubt of my direction. I looked into the thickness of the wood and thought of what it might hide. Under those thick branches one would be out of sight of the stars.

I was very tired, too, after the excitements of the day; so I decided that I would pass the night upon the open hill.

Weena, I was glad to find, was asleep. I carefully wrapped her in my coat, and sat down beside her to wait for the moonrise. The hillside was quiet and deserted, but from the black of the wood there came now and then a movement of living things. Above me shone the stars, for the night was very clear. I felt a certain sense of friendly comfort in their light. In these thousands of years all the old groupings of stars had gone. The stars were now in unfamiliar arrangements, but the Milky Way (the white band across the sky) was still the same line of star-dust as of old.

Looking at these stars suddenly made my own troubles seem very small. I thought of their vast distance, and their slow passing out of the unknown past into the unknown future. I thought of the great

circle drawn by the North Pole of the earth. Only forty times had that silent revolution occurred during all the years which I had crossed. During these few revolutions all the activity, all the nations, languages, literatures, hopes, even the mere memory of Man as I knew him, had been swept out of existence. Instead of them there were these little creatures who had forgotten their noble past, and the white Things of which I went in terror. Then I thought of the Great Fear that was between the two races of man: for the first time came the clear knowledge of what the meat I had seen might be. Yet it was too horrible! I looked at little Weena sleeping beside me, her face white and starlike under the stars and quickly dismissed the thought from my mind.

D. Through that long night I held my mind off the Morlocks as well as I could. I spent the hours of night studying the stars. The sky kept very clear, except for a misty cloud or so. No doubt I slept at times. Then at last there came a faintness in the eastward sky, like the reflection of some colourless fire, and the old moon rose, thin and white. And close behind, and overtaking it, and overflowing it, the dawn came, pale at first, and then growing pink and warm.

No Morlocks had approached us. Indeed, I had seen none upon the hill that night. And in the confidence of renewed day it almost seemed to me that my fear had been unreasonable. I stood up and found my foot swollen and painful; so I sat down again, took off my shoes, and threw them away.

I awakened Weena, and we went down into the wood, now green and pleasant instead of black and

forbidding. We found some fruit to eat for breakfast. We soon met others of the Little People laughing and dancing in the sunlight as though there was no such thing in nature as the night. And then I thought once more of the meat that I had seen. I felt assured now of what it was, and from the bottom of my heart I pitied this last feeble stream from the great flood of humanity.

Clearly, at some time in the Long-Ago of human decay, the Morlocks' food had run short. Possibly they had lived on rats and suchlike things. Even now man is far less delicate in choosing his food than he was—far less than any monkey. His feeling against human flesh is not deep-seated in his mind. And so these inhuman sons of men——! I tried to look at the thing in a scientific spirit. Why should I trouble myself? These Eloi were mere fatted cattle, which the ant-like Morlocks preserved and used as food, as we use cattle and sheep. And there was Weena dancing at my side!

Then I tried to regard it as a punishment of human selfishness. They had lived at ease upon their fellow-men, and now those fellow-men were living upon them. I tried to make myself feel scorn for their miserable nobility in decay; but I could not. However great the decay of their intelligence, the Eloi had kept so much of the human form that I felt sorry for them, and felt myself a sharer in their shame.

I had at that time no clear plans. My first was to secure some safe place of hiding, and to make myself such arms of metal or stone as I could. That necessity was immediate. In the next place, I hoped to get some means of lighting a fire, so that I should have the weapon which I knew would be most efficient

against these Morlocks. Then I wanted to arrange some means of breaking open the doors of bronze under the White Sphinx. I had an idea that if I could enter those doors and carry a light before me I would discover the Time Machine and escape. I could not imagine the Morlocks were strong enough to move it far away. I had resolved to bring Weena with me to our own time. Turning such plans over in my mind I went on our way towards the building which my fancy had chosen as our home.

Eleven

THE GREEN PALACE

A. We approached the Green Palace at about noon. It was deserted and falling into ruin. Only ragged pieces of glass remained in its windows, and great sheets of the green facing had fallen away from the metal framework. Looking north-eastward before I entered it, I was surprised to see a large bay or inlet where I judged Wandsworth and Battersea must once have been. I thought then—though I never followed up the thought—of what might have happened, or might be happening, to the living things in the sea.

Along the face of the Palace I saw writing in some unknown letters. I thought, rather foolishly, that Weena might help me to read this, but I learned that the idea of reading had never entered her head.

She always seemed to me, I fancy, more human than she was, perhaps because her affection was so human.

The door was open and broken. Inside we found a long wide room lit by many side windows. At the first glance I was reminded of a museum. The floor was thick with dust, and a curious collection of various objects was covered with dust as with a garment. Then I saw, standing up in the centre of the hall, what was clearly the lower part of a huge skeleton. I saw that it was a Megatherium;[1] the head and upper bones lay beside it in the thick dust; and in one place, where rain-water had dropped through a hole in the roof, the thing itself had been worn away. Further in the gallery was the huge skeleton of a Brontosaurus.[1] My idea that this was a museum was shown to be correct. Going towards the side I found what appeared to be sloping shelves: I cleared away the thick dust and found the old familiar glass cases of our own time. But they must have been air-tight to judge from the fair preservation of some of their contents.

Clearly we stood among the ruins of some latter-day South Kensington! We were in that part which dealt with the early history of Ancient Life upon the Earth. Here and there I found things from the cases broken to pieces and threaded on strings—a sign that the Little People had been playing here. Some of the cases had been taken away—by the Morlocks as I judged. The place was very silent. The thick dust deadened our footsteps. Weena very quietly took my hand as I gazed about me, and stood beside me.

[1] A very large creature which lived thousands of years before Man.

I WAS REMINDED OF A MUSEUM

B. To judge from the size of the place, this Green Palace had a great deal more in it than this one hall; possibly historical rooms; it might be, even a library! To me, at least, in my present circumstances, these would be vastly more interesting than ancient bones. I found a short passage running across. This appeared to be devoted to minerals, and the sight of a block of sulphur set my mind running on gunpowder. But I could find no saltpetre.[1] Yet the sulphur hung in my mind, and set up a train of thinking. I am no specialist in mineralogy, and I went on down a ruined hall running parallel to the first hall.

This second hall had been given to Natural History (Plants, Birds, Animals, etc.), but everything had long since passed out of recognition. A few dried and blackened remains of what had once been animals, a brown dust of departed plants: that was all!

Then we came to a hall of gigantic size, but ill-lit. The floor ran downward at a slight angle from the end at which I entered. White glass lamps hung from the ceiling—many of them cracked and broken. Rising on either side of me were huge machines all very rusty and many broken down, but some still fairly complete. You know I have a certain weakness for machines, and I wanted to stay among these. I could make only the wildest guesses at what they were for. I fancied that if I could find the answer to their puzzles I should find myself in possession of powers that might be of use against the Morlocks.

C. Suddenly Weena came very close to my side, so

[1] Sulphur and saltpetre are used in making gunpowder.

suddenly that she startled me. Had it not been for her I do not think I should have noticed that the floor of the hall sloped at all. The end I had come in at was quite above ground, and was lit by narrow windows. As you went down the length, the ground came up against these windows, until at last there was a pit in front of each window, and only a narrow line of daylight at the top. I went slowly along, puzzling about the machines. I had been too interested in them to notice the gradual lessening of the light, until Weena's increasing fears drew my attention. Then I saw that the hall ran down at last into thick darkness. I looked round me; I saw that the dust was less thick and its surface less even. Farther away towards the dimness, it appeared to be broken by a number of small narrow footprints. My feeling of the presence of the Morlocks came back to me. I felt that I was wasting my time in this examination of machinery. I called to mind that it was already far advanced in the afternoon, and that I had still no weapon, no safe hiding-place and no means of making a fire. And then down in the remote blackness of the hall I heard a peculiar *pattering*—the same odd noise I had heard down the well.

I took Weena's hand. Then, struck with a sudden idea, I left her. I turned to a machine near by; a long bar stood out from it. I climbed up on the stand, and seized the bar in my hands. I put all my weight upon it sideways. Suddenly Weena, deserted in the central passage, began to cry. I had judged the strength of the bar correctly, for it broke after a minute's effort, and I went back to her with a weapon in my hand good enough, I judged, for any Morlock's head. And I wanted very much to kill a Morlock.

D. Well, weapon in one hand and Weena in the other, I went out of that hall and into another still larger one. At the first sight it reminded me of an army church hung with flags. I recognized the brown rags that hung from the sides of it; they were the decaying remains of books which had long since dropped to pieces. If I had been a writer I might perhaps have thought upon the uselessness of all hope for fame. But as it was, the thing that struck me was the enormous waste of labour to which this mass of rotting paper bore witness.

Then, going up a broad staircase, we came to what may once have been a hall of chemistry. And here I had much hope of useful discoveries. Except at one end where the roof had fallen in, this hall was well preserved. I went eagerly to every unbroken case. And at last, in one of the really air-tight cases, I found a box of matches. Very eagerly I tried them. They were perfectly good. They were not even damp. I turned to Weena. "Dance! " I cried to her in her own tongue. For now I had a weapon indeed against the horrible creatures we feared. And so, in that old deserted museum, upon the thick soft carpeting of dust, to Weena's huge delight, I solemnly performed a kind of dance, whistling the tune as cheerfully as I could.

It was very strange, and very fortunate for me that this box of matches had escaped the wear of time for so many years. Yet, oddly enough, I found a far unlikelier substance, and that was camphor.[1] I found it in a sealed jar. I fancied at first that it was candle wax. I broke the glass. The smell of camphor was

[1] White, glass-like stuff with a very strong smell, used to protect clothes from insects.

unmistakable. I was about to throw it away, but I remembered that camphor burns with a good bright flame; it is, in fact, an excellent candle. So I put it in my pocket. I found no explosives, nor any means of breaking down the bronze doors. As yet my iron bar was the most helpful thing I had chanced upon. I left that hall feeling much happier.

E. I cannot tell you all the story of that long afternoon. I remember a long hall of rusting stands of arms, and how I wondered whether to keep my bar or take an axe or a sword. I could not carry both: my bar of iron promised to be most useful against the bronze doors. There were numbers of guns, pistols and rifles. Most of them were masses of rust, but many were of some new metal, and still fairly good. But any shots or gunpowder had rotted into dust. One corner I saw was burnt and partly destroyed; perhaps, I thought, by an explosion among these things.

As the evening drew on, my interest became less. I went through hall after hall, dusty, silent, often ruinous. In one place I suddenly found myself near the model of a tin-mine, and then by the merest accident I discovered, in an air-tight case, two packets of dynamite![1] I shouted, "At last!" and broke the case with joy. Then came a doubt. Then going into a little side room I made my experiment. I never felt such a disappointment as I did in waiting five, ten, fifteen minutes for an explosion that never came. Of course the things were not really dynamite; I might have guessed it! I really believe that, had they been dynamite, I would have rushed off and blown in the

[1] A very powerful explosive.

bronze doors of the Sphinx, and (as it proved) blown up my chances of finding the Time Machine!

At last we came to a little open court within the Palace. It was grassy and had three fruit-trees. So we rested and refreshed ourselves. Towards sunset I began to consider our position. Night was creeping upon us, and my safe hiding-place had still to be found. But that troubled me very little now. I had in my possession a thing that was, perhaps, the best of all defences against the Morlocks—I had matches! I had the camphor in my pocket, too, if a blaze were needed. It seemed to me that the best thing we could do would be to pass the night in the open, protected by a fire. In the morning there was the task of getting the Time Machine. Towards that, as yet, I had only my iron bar. But now, with my growing knowledge, I felt very differently towards those bronze doors. Up to this time I had not forced them, largely because of the mystery on the other side. They had never seemed to me very thick and I hoped to find my bar of iron strong enough for the work.

Twelve

BATTLE WITH THE MORLOCKS

A. We came out of the Palace while the sun was still above the horizon. I was determined to reach the White Sphinx early the next morning. I meant to push through the woods that had stopped me on our

first journey before sunset, then to go as far as possible during that night; and then build a fire and sleep in the protection of its light. So, as we went along, I gathered sticks and dried grass. Soon I had my arms full of such stuff. Thus loaded, our progress was slower than I had expected, and Weena was tired. And I began to suffer from sleepiness too; so that it was night before we reached the wood. Upon the edge of the wood, Weena would have stopped, fearing the darkness before us; but a feeling of danger, that should indeed have served me as a warning, drove me onward. I had been without sleep for a night and two days. I felt sleep coming upon me, and the Morlocks with it.

While we waited, I saw three dim figures among the bushes behind us. There was long grass all about us, and I did not feel safe from their hidden approach. The forest was rather less than a mile across. If we could get through it to the bare hillside, there, as it seemed to me, was a far safer resting-place. I thought that with my matches and my camphor I could keep my path well lit through the woods. Yet it was clear that if I was to hold matches with my hands I would have to drop my firewood. So, rather unwillingly, I put it down. Then it came into my head that I would amaze our friends behind by lighting the firewood. I was to discover the foolishness of this action, but it came to my mind as a clever move for covering our retreat.

B. I don't know if you have ever thought what a rare thing flame must be in the absence of man and in a cool country. The sun's heat is never strong enough to burn. Lightning may blacken, but it rarely gives

rise to widespread fire. Decaying plants may sometimes become heated, but this rarely results in flame. In this world of Little People, the art of fire-making had been forgotten. The red tongues that went licking up my heap of wood were an altogether new and strange thing to Weena.

She wanted to run to it and play with it. I believe she would have cast herself into it had I not held her. But I caught her up, and, in spite of her struggles, ran boldly into the wood. For a little way the light of my fire lit the path. Looking back I could see, through the crowded stems, that from my heap of sticks the blaze had spread to some bushes near by and a curved line of fire was creeping up the grass of the hill. I laughed at that and turned again to the dark trees before me. It was very black, and Weena held tightly to me, but there was still, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, sufficient light for me to see my way. Overhead there was black darkness, except where a gap of distant blue sky shone down upon us here and there. I struck none of my matches because I had no hand free. Upon my left arm I carried little Weena, in my right hand I had my iron bar.

For some way I heard nothing but the cracking sticks under my feet, the faint whisper of the wind above, and my own breathing and the beat of the blood-vessels in my ears. Then I seemed to know of a pattering about me. I pushed on. The pattering grew more distinct, and then I caught the same queer sounds and voices I had heard in the Underworld. There were several of the Morlocks, and they were closing in upon me. Indeed, in another minute I felt a pull at my coat, then something

pulled my arm. Weena trembled, and became quite still.

C. The Morlocks were closing in upon me: it was time for a match. But to get one I must put Weena down. I did so, and, as I put my hand in my pocket, a struggle began in the darkness about my knees, perfectly silent on her part and with the same peculiar cooing sounds from the Morlocks. Soft little hands, too, were creeping over my coat and back, touching even my neck. Then the match scratched and fizzed. I held it up, and saw the white backs of the Morlocks in flight amid the trees. I hastily took a lump of camphor from my pocket, and prepared to light it as soon as the match went out. Then I looked at Weena. She was lying, quite motionless, on the ground. With a sudden fright I stooped to her. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I lit the block of camphor and threw it to the ground. It split and burned up brightly, and drove back the Morlocks and the shadows. Then I knelt down and lifted her.

The wood behind seemed full of the stir and murmur of a great company!

She seemed to have fainted. I put her carefully upon my shoulder and rose to push on, and then there came a horrible realization. In getting out my matches and camphor I had turned myself about several times, and now I had not the faintest idea in what direction lay my path: I had lost my way! For all I knew, I might be facing back towards the Green Palace. I felt fear come upon me. I had to think rapidly what to do. I determined to build a fire and encamp where we were. I put Weena, still motionless, down upon the grass. Very hastily, as my first

IT . . . DROVE BACK THE MORLOCKS AND THE SHADOWS

lump of camphor went out, I began collecting sticks and leaves. Here and there out of the darkness round me the Morlocks' eyes shone like jewels.

The camphor burned for a time, then went out. I lit a match, and as I did so, two white forms that had been approaching Weena dashed hastily away. One was so blinded by the light that he came straight for me, and I felt his bones crush under the blow of my fist. He gave a cry of pain, went back a little way, and fell down.

D. I lit another piece of camphor, and went on gathering my fire. Soon I noticed how dry some of the leaves above me were; since my arrival on the Time Machine (about a week ago) no rain had fallen. So, instead of looking about among the trees for fallen sticks, I began jumping up and pulling down branches. Very soon I had a smoky fire of green wood and dry sticks, and could use less of my camphor.

I turned to where Weena lay beside my iron bar. I tried what I could to help her, but she lay like one dead. I could not even satisfy myself whether or not she breathed.

Now, the smoke of the fire beat over towards me, and it must have made me heavy with sleep. Moreover, the smell of camphor was in the air. My fire would not need more wood for an hour or so. I felt very tired after my efforts and sat down. The forest, too, was full of a sleepy murmur that I did not understand.

I seemed just to nod and open my eyes. But all was dark, and the Morlocks had their hands upon me. Throwing off their cold fingers I hastily felt in my pocket for the match-box, and—it had gone! Then

they seized me and closed with me again. In a moment I knew what had happened. I had slept, and my fire had gone out!

The bitterness of death came over my soul. The forest seemed full of the smell of burning wood. I was caught by the neck, by the hair, by the arms, and pulled down. It was horrible in the darkness to feel all these soft creatures heaped upon me. I felt as if I was in a spider's web. I was overpowered, and went down. I felt little teeth biting at my neck. I rolled over, and as I did so my hand came against my iron lever. It gave me strength. I struggled up, shaking the human rats from me, and, holding the bar short, I thrust where I judged their faces might be. I could feel the giving of flesh and bone under my blows, and for a moment I was free.

E. The strange joy that so often seems to accompany hard fighting came upon me. I knew that both I and Weena were lost, but I determined to make the Morlocks pay for their meat.

I stood with my back to a tree, swinging the iron bar before me. The whole wood was full of their cries. A minute passed. Their voices seemed to rise to a higher note of excitement, and their movements grew faster. Yet none came within reach. I stood gazing at the blackness. Then suddenly came hope. What if the Morlocks were afraid?

Then a strange thing happened. The darkness seemed to shine! Very dimly I began to see the Morlocks about me—three broken at my feet—and then I saw that the others were running, in an unending stream, as it seemed, from behind me, and away through the wood in front. And their backs

seemed no longer white, but reddish. As I stood gazing, I saw a little red spark fly across between the branches, and disappear. Then I understood the smell of burning wood, the murmur that was growing now into a roar, the red glow, and the Morlocks' flight.

Stepping out from behind my tree and looking back, I saw, through the black pillars of the nearer trees, the flames of the burning forest. It was my first fire coming after me.

I looked for Weena, but she was gone.

The hissing and cracking behind me, the explosive thud as each fresh tree burst into flame, left little time for thought. My iron bar still in my hand, I followed in the Morlocks' path. It was a close race. Once the flames crept forward so swiftly on my right as I ran that I was cut off and had to go to the left. But at last I came out upon a small open space. As I did so, a Morlock came rushing towards me, and past me, and went on straight into the fire!

F. Now I was to see the most horrible thing of all. The whole space was as bright as day with the reflection of the fire. In the centre was a little hill. Beyond this was another arm of the burning forest, with yellow tongues already coming from it, completely encircling the space with a fence of fire. Upon the hillside were some thirty or forty Morlocks, blinded by the light and heat, and running to and fro against each other in their fear. At first I did not realize their blindness, and struck furiously at them with my bar as they approached me, killing one and wounding several more. But when I had watched one of them against the red sky, feeling his way about, and heard

their cries, I was sure of their absolute helplessness and misery and I struck no more of them.

Yet every now and then one came straight towards me, filling me with a momentary horror. At one time the flames died down, and I feared the disgusting creatures would be able to see me. I was even thinking of beginning the fight by killing some of them before this might happen; but the fire burst out again brightly, and I held my hand. I walked about the hill among them and avoided them, looking for some trace of Weena. But Weena was gone.

At last I sat down on the top of the hill and watched this strange, unbelievable company of blind things feeling their way to and fro and making queer noises to each other, as the red light of the fire beat on them. Two or three Morlocks ran into me, and I drove them off with fierce blows, trembling as I did so.

G. For the greater part of that night I was persuaded it was all a bad dream. I bit myself and screamed in my desire to awake. I beat the ground with my hands, and got up and sat down again, and wandered here and there, and again sat down. Then I began rubbing my eyes and calling upon God to let me wake up. Three times I saw Morlocks put their heads down in a mad despair and rush into the flames. But, at last, above the dying red of the fire, above the streaming masses of black smoke and the decreasing numbers of these dim creatures, came the white light of the day.

I searched again for traces of Weena, but there were none. It was plain that they had left her poor little body in the forest. I cannot describe how relieved I was to think that it had escaped that awful

end for which it seemed to be intended. As I thought of that, I was almost moved to begin killing the helpless Morlocks about me, but I controlled myself.

The hill was a kind of island in the forest. From its top I could now see the Green Palace through the smoke, and from that I could get my direction for the White Sphinx. I tied some grass about my feet and went on across smoking ashes and among black stems towards the hiding-place of the Time Machine. I walked slowly, for my strength was going and my feet were sore, and I felt miserable at the horrible death of little Weena.

Now, in this old familiar room, it is more like the sorrow of a dream than an actual loss, but that morning it left me absolutely lonely again—terribly alone. I began to think of this house of mine, of this fireside, of some of you, and almost wept with desire to be home again.

But, as I walked over the smoking ashes under the bright morning sky, I made a discovery. In my pocket were still some loose matches. The box must have leaked before it was lost.

Thirteen

RECOVERY OF THE TIME MACHINE

A. About eight or nine in the morning I came to the same seat made of yellow metal from which I had

looked at the world upon the evening of my arrival. I thought of my hasty ideas upon that evening and laughed bitterly at my confidence. Here was the same beautiful scene—the same trees, the same splendid palaces and noble ruins, the same silver river running between its green banks. The Little People in their bright garments were moving to and fro among the trees. Some were bathing in exactly the place where I had saved Weena, and that suddenly gave me a keen sense of pain. And like ugly swellings rose the domes above the ways to the Under-world. I understand now what all the beauty of the Over-world people covered. Very pleasant was their day, as pleasant as the days of the cattle in the field. Like the cattle, they knew of no enemies and provided against no needs. And their end was the same.

I grieved to think how brief the dream of the human intellect had been. It set itself towards comfort and ease, a society with safety and security as its aim; it realized its hopes; and it had come to this at last! At one time life and wealth must have reached almost absolute safety. The rich felt sure of his riches and comfort, the worker was sure of his life and work. No doubt in that perfect world there was no problem of unemployment, no social question left unanswered. And a great quiet had followed.

We tend to forget a law of Nature. Change, danger and trouble seem to us to be evils which we must avoid. But change, danger and trouble are the things which keep the intellect alive and keen. An animal perfectly suited to its surroundings and living in perfect unity with them is a perfect machine: it has no need to think. Thought and intelligence are needed only when things go wrong; when there is change,

danger, trouble—that is when intelligence is demanded. Only those animals have intelligence which have to meet a great variety of needs and dangers.

So the Upper-world man became feeble and pretty, and the Under-world man became a mechanical labourer. But this could not last. As time went on the feeding system of the Under-world broke down. When other meat failed they turned to the food which custom and law had, until then, forbidden.

That is how things seemed to me in the year 802,701.

B. After the efforts, excitement and terrors of the past days, and in spite of my grief, this seat and the peaceful view and the warm sunlight were very pleasant. I was very tired. Spreading myself out upon the grass I had a long and refreshing sleep.

I awoke a little before sunset. I now felt safe against being caught by the Morlocks. I stood up and came on down the hill towards the White Sphinx. I had my bar in one hand, and the other played with the matches in my pocket.

And now came a most unexpected thing. As I approached the base of the Sphinx I found the bronze doors were open.

I stopped short before them, afraid for a moment to enter.

Inside there was a small room, and on a raised place in the corner of this was the Time Machine. I had the starting handles in my pocket. So here, after all my careful plans for attack, they had suddenly surrendered. I threw my iron bar away, almost sorry not to use it.

A sudden thought came into my head as I bent down towards the doorway. For once, at least, I understood the Morlocks' way of thinking. I felt inclined to laugh, but did not. I stepped through the bronze frame and up to the Time Machine. I was surprised to find it had been carefully oiled and cleaned. I suspect that the Morlocks had even partly taken it to pieces while trying in their dim way to understand its purpose.

I stood and examined it, finding a pleasure in the mere touch of the machine. Then the thing I had expected happened. The bronze doors suddenly slid up and struck the frame with a clang. I was in the dark—trapped—so the Morlocks thought!

C. I could already hear their murmuring laughter as they came towards me. Very calmly I tried to strike the match. I had only to fix on the handles and depart like a ghost. But I had forgotten one little thing. The matches were of that kind that light only on the box.

You may imagine how all my calm left me! The little creatures were close upon me. One touched me. I made a sweeping blow in the dark at them and began to climb hastily into the seat of the machine. Then came one hand upon me and then another. Then I had to fight against them for my handles, and at the same time feel for the bars over which the handles fitted. They almost got one handle away from me. As it slipped from my hand, I had to thrust into the darkness to get it. It was a nearer thing than the fight in the forest.

At last the handle was fixed and moved over. The Morlocks' hands slipped from me. The darkness fell

from my eyes. I found myself in the same grey light and confusion which I have already described.

Fourteen

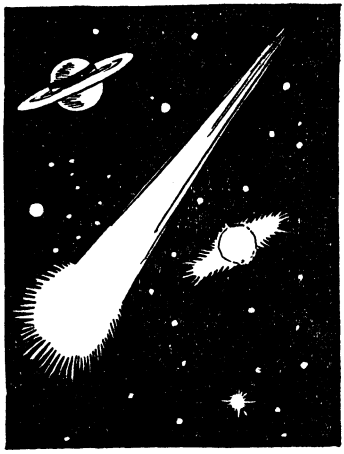
JOURNEY FORWARD INTO TIME

A. I have already told you of the sickness and confusion that comes with Time-travelling. And this time I was not seated properly on the machine, but sideways and in an unsteady way. For some time I held on to the machine as it swung and shook, not caring how I went. I looked at the dials (the clock-faces). One dial records days, another thousands of days, another millions of days, and another thousands of millions. When I looked at the dials I found that the hand which showed thousands of days was sweeping round as fast as the seconds hand of a watch—into the future.

As I drove on, a peculiar change came in the appearance of things. The greyness grew darker; then the rapid change, Bright—Dark, showing day and night, returned. When I was travelling fast the Bright-Dark change became one greyness; it was seen only at lower speeds. But now I was travelling fast, and yet I could see it! This puzzled me very much at first. The change of Night and Day grew slower and slower, and so did the passage of the sun across the sky, until they seemed to stretch through centuries.

At last a steady half-light spread over the earth, a

dimness only broken now and then when a *comet* flashed across the sky. The band of light which had shown the sun had long since disappeared; for the sun had ceased to set—it simply rose and fell in the west and grew ever broader and more red. All trace of the moon had disappeared. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, stayed motionless upon the horizon, a vast circle glowing with a dull heat. I saw, by this slowing down of its rising and setting, that the Earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, even as in our time the moon faces the Earth.



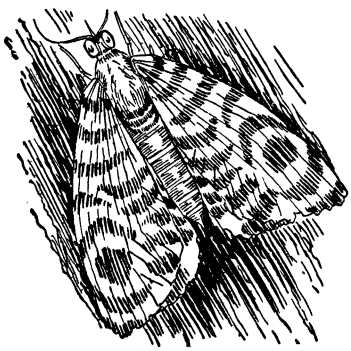
B. Very carefully I began to change my position. Slower and slower went the circling hands until the thousands hand seemed motionless, and the daily hand was no longer a mere mist upon its dial. Still slower, until the dim outlines of a deserted sea shore grew visible.

I stopped very gently and sat upon the Time Machine, looking round. The sky was no longer blue. North-eastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Overhead it was a deep Indian red and starless, and south-eastward it grew brighter to a glowing

red where the huge sun lay red and motionless. The rocks about me were of a reddish colour, and the only trace of life which I could see was the green which covered every outstanding point on the south-eastern face of the rocks. It was the same rich green which one sees on forest moss or in plants which grow in a dim light.

The machine was standing on a sloping shore. The sea stretched away to the south-west. There were no waves; there was not a breath of wind. There was only a slight oily rise and fall like a gentle breathing, which showed that the sea was still moving and living. And along the edge where the water sometimes broke was a thick covering of salt—pink under the red sky. There was an uncomfortable feeling in my head, and I noticed that I was breathing very fast. The feeling reminded me of my only experience of mountain-climbing, and from that I judged the air to be thinner (less dense) than it is now.

C. Far away up the slope I heard a scream, and saw a thing like a huge white *moth* go circling up into the sky and disappear over some low hills beyond. The sound of its voice was so distressing that I trembled and seated myself more firmly upon the machine.

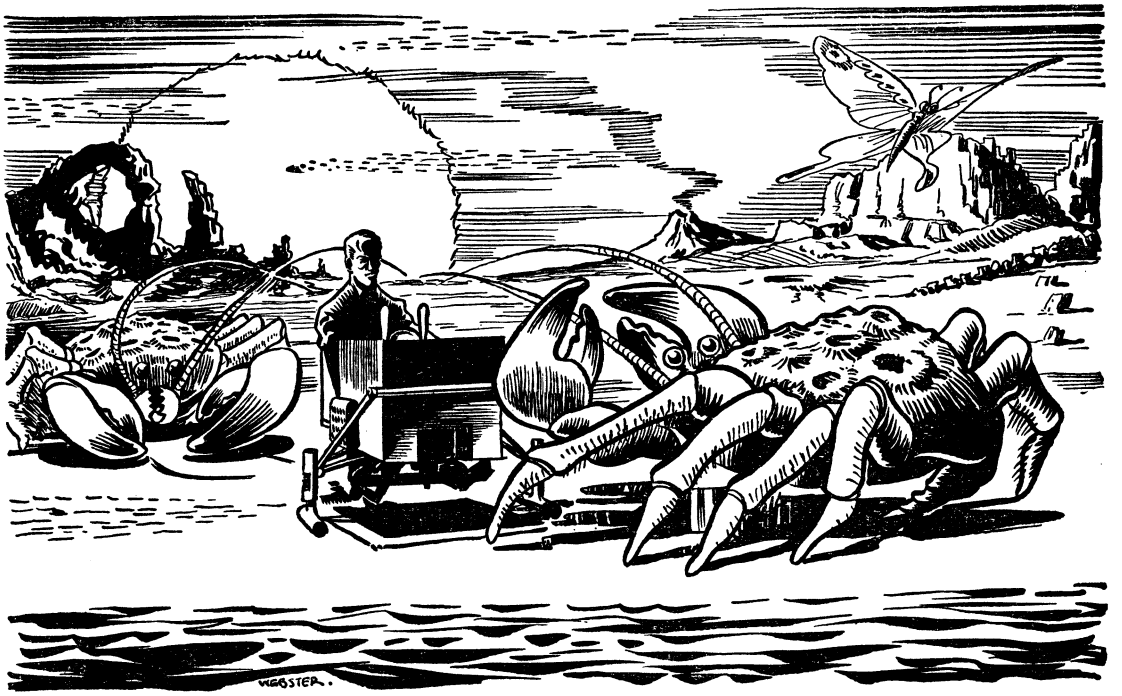


Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of

rock was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw that the thing was really a gigantic *crab*-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as that table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big *claws* swaying, its long feelers, like carters' whips, waving and feeling, and its eyes shining at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was rough and ornamented with round, outstanding masses, and a greenish rust marked it here and there. I could see its complicated mouth moving as it advanced.

As I gazed at this fearful creature coming towards me, I felt a touch on my cheek as though a fly had settled there. I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it returned, and almost immediately came another by my ear. I struck at this, and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. I turned, and saw that I had seized the feeler of another great crab which stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were moving on their long stems, its mouth was all alive with hunger, and its vast, ugly claws were descending upon me. In a moment my hand was on the starter and I had placed a month between myself and these creatures. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. They seemed to be creeping here and there, in the dim light, among the sheets of green.

I cannot describe the dead emptiness of that world. The red eastern sky, the northward blackness, the salt Dead Sea, the stony shore with these horrible, slow-moving creatures, the poisonous-looking green of the mossy plants, the thin air and pain of breathing—all added to the terrible effect.



THE THING WAS REALLY A GIGANTIC CRAB-LIKE CREATURE

D. I moved on a hundred years, and there was the same red sun, the same dying sea, the same cold air, and the same crowd of crabs creeping in and out among the green weed and the red rocks. And in the westward sky I saw a curved pale line like a vast new moon.

So I travelled, stopping ever and again, in great steps of a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the Earth's fate, watching with a strange wonder the sun grow larger and duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth die away.

At last, more than thirty million years on from now, the huge red-hot dome of the sun had covered nearly a tenth part of the darkening heavens. Then I stopped once more. The crabs had disappeared, and the red beach, save for its green mosses, seemed lifeless. And now it was touched with white. It was bitterly cold. To the north-eastward, the whiteness of snow lay under the starlight of the black sky, and I could see the tops of hills pinkish white. There were lines of ice along the sea-edge, with masses farther out; but the main extent of that salt ocean, all bloody under the unending sunset, was still unfrozen.

I looked about me to see if any traces of animal life remained. A certain fear still kept me in the seat of the machine. But I saw nothing moving, in earth or sky or sea. The green on the rocks alone showed that any life remained. A sand-bank had appeared in the sea and the water had gone back from the beach. I fancied I saw some black object upon this bank, but it became motionless as I looked at it, and I judged that my eye had been deceived, and that the black object was merely a rock. The stars in the sky were very bright and shone with a steady unchanging light.

E. Suddenly I noticed that the circular westward outline of the sun had changed; that a bay had appeared in the curve. I saw this grow larger. For a minute, perhaps, I gazed at this blackness that was creeping over the day, and then I realized that an eclipse was beginning: either the moon or the planet Mercury was passing across the sun's face. Naturally, at first I took it to be the moon, but I now believe that what I really saw was an inner planet passing very near to the Earth.

The darkness grew; a cold wind began to blow from the east, and the snow fell faster. From the edge of the sea came a quiet whisper. Beyond these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Silent? It would be hard to describe the stillness of it. All the sounds of man, the voices of sheep, the cries of birds, the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our lives —all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the snow fell yet more heavily; and the cold of the air was more biting. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white tops of the distant hills were lost into blackness. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping towards me. In another moment the pale stars alone were visible. The sky was absolutely black.

A horror of this great darkness came on me. The cold, that struck to my bones, and the pain I felt in breathing, overcame me. A deadly sickness came upon me. Then like a red-hot bow in the sky appeared the edge of the sun. I got off the machine to recover myself. I felt weak and unable to face the return journey. As I stood sick and confused I saw again the moving thing upon the sand-bank—there was no mistake now that it was a moving thing—against the

red water of the sea. It was a round thing, the size of a football perhaps, or, it may be, bigger, and feelers hung down from it; it seemed black against the blood-red water. Then I felt that I was fainting. But a terrible dread of lying helpless in that distant and awful dimness gave me strength while I climbed upon the seat of the machine.

Fifteen

RETURN OF THE TIME TRAVELLER

A. So I came back. For a long time I must have lain senseless upon the machine. The change of day and night began again, the sun became golden again, the sky blue. I breathed with greater freedom. The hands spun backward upon the dials.

At last I saw again the dim shadows of houses, the signs of man in decay. These, too, changed and passed, and others came. Soon, when the million dial was at zero, I lessened the speed.

I began to recognize our own little buildings. The thousands hand ran back to the starting-point; the night and day changed more slowly. Then the old walls of the laboratory came round me. Very gently now, I slowed the machine down.

I saw one little thing that seemed odd to me. I think I have told you that when I set out, before my speed became very high, Mrs. Watchett had walked across the room, travelling, as it seemed to me, like

a shot from a gun. As I returned, I passed again across that minute when she crossed the laboratory. But now her every motion appeared to be the exact opposite of her earlier ones. The door at the lower end opened, and she moved quietly up the laboratory, going backwards, and disappeared behind the door by which she had come in.

Then I stopped the machine, and saw about me again the old familiar laboratory and my tools just as I had left them. I got off the machine weakly, and sat down upon my chair. For several minutes I trembled. Then I became calmer. Around me was my old workshop again, exactly as it had been. I might have slept there, and the whole thing have been a dream.

And yet not exactly! The machine had started from the south-east corner of the laboratory. It had come to rest again in the north-west, against the wall where you saw it. That gives you the exact distance from my little lawn to the base of the White Sphinx, into which the Morlocks had carried it.

B. For a time I could not think. Then I got up and came through the passage here, walking painfully because my foot was still sore. I saw the newspaper on the table by the door. I found that the date was indeed to-day, and looking at the clock, saw the hour was almost eight o'clock. I heard your voices and the clatter of plates. I stood there for a moment—I felt so sick and weak. Then I smelt good meat, and opened the door on you. You know the rest. I washed and dined, and now I am telling you the story.

"I know," he said, after a pause, "that all this will

be absolutely unbelievable. To me the one unbelievable thing is that I am here to-night in this old familiar room looking into your friendly faces and telling you these strange adventures."

He looked at the Medical Man. "No. I cannot expect you to believe it. Take it as a lie. Say I dreamed it in the workshop. Consider I have been thinking about the future fate of our race until I have imagined this story. Treat my statement that it is true as a mere trick to increase its interest. And taking it as a story, what do you think of it?"

He took up his pipe and began, in his old accustomed manner, to tap with it upon the bars of the fireplace. There was a momentary stillness. Then chairs began to move. I took my eyes off the Time Traveller's face, and looked round at his audience. The Medical Man gazed steadily at our host. The Editor was looking hard at the end of his cigar—the sixth. The newspaper-writer felt for his watch.

C. The Editor stood up with a sigh. "What a pity it is you're not a writer of stories!" he said, putting his hand on the Time Traveller's shoulder.

"You don't believe it?"

"Well——"

"I thought not."

The Time Traveller turned to us. "Where are the matches?" he said. He lit one and spoke over his pipe. "To tell you the truth . . . I hardly believe it myself. . . . And yet . . ."

His eye fell upon the dead white flowers upon the little table. Then he turned over the hand holding his pipe, and I saw he was looking at some half-healed cuts on his fingers.

The Medical Man rose, came to the lamp, and examined the flowers. "They are very odd," he said. The Psychologist leant forward to see, holding out his hand for one to look at.

"It is a quarter to one! " said the Journalist. "How shall we get home? "

"It's a curious thing," said the Medical Man; "but I certainly don't know what sort of flowers they are. I've never seen anything like them. May I have them? "

The Time Traveller paused. Then suddenly: "Certainly not."

"Where did you really get them? " said the Medical Man.

The Time Traveller put his hand to his head. He spoke like one who was trying to keep hold of an idea that escaped him. "They were put into my pocket by Weena, when I travelled into Time." He looked round the room. "It's all going. This room and you and the feeling of everyday life is too much for my memory. Did I ever make a Time Machine or a model of a Time Machine? Or is it only a dream? They say life is a dream, a very poor dream at times. Where did the dream come from? . . . I must look at that machine. If there is one! "

D. He caught up the lamp swiftly, and carried it through the door into the corridor. We followed him. There in the light of the lamp was the machine, sure enough. It was solid to the touch—for I put out my hand and felt it. It had bits of grass and moss upon the lower parts, and one bar bent out of shape.

The Time Traveller put the lamp down on the

table, and ran his hand along the damaged bar. "It's all right now," he said. "The story I told you was true. I'm sorry to have brought you out here in the cold." He took up the lamp, and, in an absolute silence, we returned to the smoking-room.

He came into the hall with us and helped the Editor on with his coat. The Medical Man looked into his face and, with a certain doubt, told him he was suffering from overwork—at which he laughed. I remember him standing in the open doorway, shouting good night.

I shared a carriage with the Editor. He thought the tale a "splendid lie". I was unable to come to a decision. The story was so strange and unbelievable; the telling so quiet and reasonable.

E. I lay awake most of the night thinking about this strange story. I decided to go next day and see the Time Traveller again.

I was told that he was in the laboratory. Being a friend, I went straight in. But the laboratory was empty. I looked for a minute at the Time Machine and put out my hand and touched the handle. At that the heavy-looking mass swung like a branch shaken by the wind.

I came back through the passage. The Time Traveller met me in the smoking-room. He was coming from the house. He had a small camera under one arm and a bag under the other. He laughed when he saw me. "I'm frightfully busy," said he, "with that thing in there."

"But isn't it some trick?" I said. "Do you really travel through time?"

"Really and truly I do." And he looked into my

eyes. Then his eye wandered about the room. "I only want half an hour," he said. "I know why you came, and it's very good of you. There are some newspapers here. If you'll stop to lunch I'll prove that this time travelling is real. Will you forgive my leaving you now?"

I agreed, hardly understanding then the full meaning of his words. He went on down the passage. I heard the door of the laboratory shut, seated myself in a chair, and took up a daily paper. What was he going to do before lunch-time? Then suddenly I was reminded by an advertisement that I had promised to meet Richardson, the publisher, at two. I looked at my watch, and saw that I could hardly get there in time. I got up and went down the passage to tell the Time Traveller that I must hurry away.

F. As I took hold of the handle of the door of the laboratory I heard a cry suddenly cut short, and a click and a thud. A rush of air swept round me as I opened the door, and from within came the sound of broken glass falling on the floor. The Time Traveller was not there. I seemed to see a ghostly figure sitting in a swinging mass of black and brass for a moment—a figure so transparent that the table behind with its sheets of drawings was absolutely distinct; but this ghost disappeared as I rubbed my eyes. The Time Machine had gone. Save for a settling cloud of dust, the further end of the laboratory was empty. A sheet of glass in the window had just been blown in.

I felt an unreasonable amazement. I knew that something strange had happened, and for the moment could not think what the strange thing might be. As

I stood there, the door into the garden opened, and the man-servant appeared.

We looked at each other. Then ideas began to come. "Has Mr. —— gone out that way?" said I.

"No, sir. No one has come out this way. I was expecting to find him here."

At that I understood. At the risk of disappointing Richardson I stayed on, waiting for the Time Traveller; waiting for the second, perhaps still stranger story and the photographs he would bring with him. But I am beginning now to fear that I must wait a lifetime. The Time Traveller disappeared three years ago. And, as everybody knows now, he has never returned.

G. I cannot help wondering—will he ever return?

It may be that he swept back into the past, and fell among the blood-drinking, hairy wild men of the Age of Unpolished Stone; or among the gigantic lizards of the distant past. Or did he go forward, into one of the nearer ages, in which men are still men, but with the questions of our own time answered. Has he gone into the manhood of the race?

I say "Manhood of the Race" because I cannot think that these days of weak experiment, imperfect knowledge and angry discussion are indeed the highest point of Man's history. He, I know, had little hope of the Advancement of Mankind. He saw in the growing pile of civilization only a foolish heaping that must in the end fall back upon its makers and destroy them.

If that is so, it remains for us to live as though it were not so. But to me the future is still black and unknown. It is a vast ignorance, lit at a few places by

the memory of his story. And I have by me, for my comfort, two strange white flowers—brown and flat and dry—to witness that, even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and tender love for one another still lived on in the heart of man.

QUESTIONS

1. A. 1. Who is the chief person in this book?
2. What was he doing?
3. What time was it?
4. A line and a plane surface have no . . . what?

B. 1. What four measurements must any real thing have?
2. In how many ways can you move (*a*) in space, (*b*) in time?
3. Who said, "Why cannot we move about in time?"
4. How could men move up before balloons?

C. 1. From birth to death how are we moving in time?
2. When do you move backwards in time?
3. What sort of machine did the Traveller think of?—"One which would be able to travel in any direction . . ."

D. 1. Who would this machine be useful to?
2. What did the Psychologist call this idea?
3. Where did the Traveller go?

2. A. 1. How big was the machine?
2. Where did he put the table?
3. What other thing was on the table?
4. How many candles were there?
5. (*a*) Who watched from the right? . . . (*b*) from the left?

B. 1. What was the shape of the model?
2. How long did it take to make the model?
3. What does the first handle do?
4. What does the other handle do?

C. 1. Whose finger moved the handle?
2. What did the model do?
3. What has the Traveller in his laboratory?

D. 1. Has the machine gone into the future or the past?
2. Why cannot the machine be seen?
3. For what will the Medical Man wait?

E. 1. Where did the Traveller lead them?
2. What (two things) lay on the table?
3. What did Filby do?

3. A. 1. Why did not people quite believe in the Traveller?—"Because he was too . . ."
2. With whom did "I" discuss the trick of the model?
3. When did I go to the Traveller's house?

B. 1. What had the Traveller said?—"I may be . . . I will . . . when I come."
2. Who were the three new men?
3. What happened while the Psychologist was telling about the "trick"?

C. 1. In what state was the Traveller?
2. What was there on his chin?
3. How did he walk?
4. What did the Editor do?

D. 1. For what is the Traveller longing?
2. What was on the Traveller's feet?
3. What was the Editor thinking about?

E. 1. Who rang the bell?
2. Of what was I quite sure?—"That it has something to do with . . ."
3. What foolish question did the Editor ask?

F. 1. How was the Traveller dressed?
2. The Traveller said, "How nice to . . ." . . . do what?
3. What did I ask?
4. What did the Traveller answer?

G. 1. How did the Traveller eat?
2. What did the Silent Man do?
3. Where did they go?

H. 1. What must not the listeners do?
2. What cannot the reader of this story see?
3. "At first we looked at . . ." What? "Then we looked only at . . ." What?

4. A. 1. Why was not the machine ready on Friday?
2. At what time did the machine start out?
3. What difference did the Traveller see when he pressed the stopping handle?

B. 1. How did Mrs. Watchett cross the room?
2. What was day following night like?—"the . . ."
3. How long did the sun take to cross the sky?

C. 1. What did Night—Day change into?
2. What did the sun look like?
3. What were the trees like?
4. What is his speed now?

D. 1. What did he see rising about him?
2. What special danger was there?
3. What did he say at first?

E. 1. What did the machine do when he pulled the handle?
2. What was falling round him?
3. Where was he? . . . "On a little . . ."
4. What did he see beyond the bushes?

F. 1. What was the body of the figure?
2. What was the base made of?
3. What might the Traveller seem like?

G. 1. What did he try to do?
2. What did he see in the window?
3. How tall was the man?
4. What did the Traveller notice for the first time?
5. The man was . . . (*a*) . . . and . . . (*b*) . . . but very . . . (*c*) . . .

5. A. 1. What did the little man do?
2. How did their language sound?
3. What did the Traveller do to the machine?

B. 1. Tell about their hair.
2. Were the people interested in the Traveller's arrival?
3. What sound did a man imitate?
4. What year is it?
5. Where did the man think the Traveller had come from?

C. 1. What did someone put on the Traveller?
2. What did they all begin to do?
3. Where did they lead him to?
4. How big were the white flowers?

D. 1. Some windows had . . . (*a*) . . . and some had . . . (*b*).
2. What was the floor made of?
3. What was there on the tables?
4. Where did they put the stones and skins?

E. 1. What did the Traveller notice most in the hall?
2. How many people were in the hall?
3. What had died out?

F. 1. What did the Traveller decide to do?
2. What did the Little People soon do?
3. What was strange about these people?

6. A. 1. What time was it?
2. What river did he see?
3. In what condition was the world?
4. There were no . . . to be seen. No what?

B. 1. The men and women (males and females) were very . . . What?
2. When are strength of men and unity of the family necessary?
3. What had become an evil among these people?

C. 1. What was the pretty little building like?
2. What did he find on the top of the hill?
3. There were no signs of . . . what?

D. 1. In what state was mankind?
2. What is the "odd result" of efforts at social improvement?
3. Why do we improve plants and animals slowly?—"Because our . . ."
4. What shall we do in the end? "Make . . . (*a*) . . . and . . . (*b*) . . . work perfectly together to . . .(*c*) . . ."

E. 1. He saw no signs of . . . (what?) . . . during his stay.
2. There was no struggle for (*a*), or (*b*) and (*c*).
3. What was always the difficulty in former times?
4. Human intelligence and energy are caused by conditions in which . . . (*a*) . . . live and . . . (*b*) . . . die.
5. What things are unnecessary and out of tune in civilized life?

F. 1. What had Man made for himself?
2. What may do harm to a civilized man?
3. How do men use their energy in security?
4. What comes after that?
5. What things keep Man keen (like a knife)?

7. A. 1. What had come up?
2. What had happened?
3. How long did he take to run two miles?

B. 1. Why did he know that the Little People had not moved the machine?—"They had not the . . . (*a*) . . . nor . . . (*b*) . . . to do it."
2. Why did he know the machine could not have moved in Time?
3. What animal jumped up?—"Something like a . . ."
4. Where did he run to?

C. 1. What had the people forgotten about?
2. Where did he lie down and sleep?

D. 1. What must he get if the machine is destroyed?
2. What had probably happened?—"The machine had . . ."
3. What did he see on the grass?—"A . . . (*a*) . . . and some . . . (*b*) . . .

E. 1. Where did he think the machine was hidden?
2. When he showed that he wanted to open the base of the Sphinx, the Little People looked as if they had received . . . what?
3. What did he think that he heard?
4. What did he use to hit the doors?

F. 1. What did the Little People seem to do?
2. There seemed to be few . . . (what?) . . . in the language.
3. What did he see from every hill?

G. 1. What attracted his attention?
2. What sound did he hear from the well?
3. What happened to the piece of paper?
4. He thought that the wells had to do with . . . what?

H. 1. A man fresh from Central Africa would know very little about four things in London. What things?
2. He saw no . . . (perhaps they were too far away).
3. There were no . . . or . . .
4. They had good clothes and shoes, but he saw no . . .

8. A. 1. What happened to one of the bathers?
2. How did she show her gratitude?
3. How long did the friendship last?

B. 1. What feeling did Weena give to the Traveller when he came back to the Sphinx?—"The feeling of . . ."
2. What did Weena fear?
3. How did the Little People sleep?

C. 1. What seemed to be touching his face in his dream?
2. What was his "odd fancy"?—"That some . . . had just . . ."
3. What sort of creature was running up the hill?
4. What were two creatures doing?

D. 1. What must the planets do in the end?
2. What effect does this have on the sun?
3. What did he see in the darkness?
4. What did the creature do as it ran away?

E. 1. Describe the creature: colour, eyes, hair.
2. Where may the creature have gone?
3. What had Man done?

F. 1. Where must the Traveller go?
2. What was thought to be bad manners?
3. What three things showed that the second kind of Man lived underground?

G. 1. What was done in the Under-world?—"Such work as was necessary to . . ."
2. What is there even now a tendency to do?—"To . . ."
3. What do the rich tend to do?
4. What delays the division of Man?

H. 1. What was the name of the underground creatures?
2. What was the name of the Little People?
3. Who had taken the Time Machine?
4. What did Weena do when he pressed her with questions about the Morlocks?

9. A. 1. Why would more Morlocks come up after a few days?
2. What colour was the big building?
3. What did the different appearance of the building suggest?

B. 1. What did he feel for?
2. How far had he to climb down?
3. Looking up, what two things could he see?

C. 1. What was there on the right?—"A . . . in which he could . . ."
2. What noise could he hear?
3. What roused him?
4. What did the Traveller do which frightened the Morlocks?

D. 1. Into what did he come?
2. What "rose out of the dimness"?
3. What smell was there?
4. What five things ought he to have brought?

E. 1. How many matches were left?
2. What were the Morlocks trying to do?
3. What did he do to frighten them?
4. What sound did they make when they came back?
5. What happened to the burning paper?
6. How many more matches did he strike?

F. 1. What happened as he felt for the bars?
2. What did one Morlock nearly get?
3. What enemy did he fear?

G. 1. Who gave him this idea about the Moon?
2. What lesson were the Eloi learning again?
3. What memory came to the Traveller?—"The memory of . . ."
4. What two things did he decide to make?

10. A. 1. What building did he think of as a "safe place"?
2. What made his foot sore?
3. What did Weena put in his pocket?
4. What had he brought back from his time-travels?

B. 1. What did he fancy that he could feel?
2. What did he do to Weena?
3. (*a*) What did he cross? (*b*) What did he pass?—"A number of . . . and a . . ."

C. 1. What did he see from the top of the hill?
2. Where did he decide to pass the night?
3. (*a*) What had gone? (*b*) What was still the same?
4. How many times had the North Pole revolved during the 800,000 years which he had crossed?
5. What might the Morlocks' meat be?

D. 1. What did he throw away?
2. "These Eloi were mere . . ." What?
3. He had to get a hiding-place, arms, and . . . ?
4. He wanted some means of breaking open the . . . what?
5. What was he going to do with Weena?

11. A. 1. At what time did he reach the Green Palace?
2. What was in the centre of the hall?
3. What subject did this hall deal with?
4. What showed that the Little People had been here?

B. 1. The sight of two things set his mind running upon . . . what?
2. What was in the second hall?
3. What was in the third hall?

C. 1. What did he see in the dust at the end of the hall?
2. What did he hear?
3. What thing did he take from a machine?

D. 1. What things were in the large hall?
2. What did he find in a case in the next hall?
3. What other thing did he find?

E. 1. What two packets did he find?
2. Why was he disappointed?
3. Where will they spend the night?
4. What is the next task?

12. A. 1. What did he gather?
2. He began to suffer from . . . what?
3. How wide was the forest?
4. How would he amaze the Morlocks?

B. 1. What thing is very rare in the absence of Man and in a cool country?
2. What was creeping up the hill?
3. What were the Morlocks doing?—". . . upon me."

C. 1. What had he to do before he could light a match?
2. What other thing did he light?
3. What had he done while lighting these things?
4. What did he decide to do?
5. What did he see just as he lit another match?

D. 1. What did he notice?
2. What two things made him sleepy?
3. What did the Morlocks steal?
4. "I knew what had happened."—What had happened?
5. What did his hand touch as he rolled over?

E. 1. What were the Morlocks doing?
2. What was "coming after" him?
3. Did he see Weena?
4. At last he came out upon . . . what?

F. 1. What was in the centre?
2. What things were on it (question 1)?
3. What did he not realize at first?
4. What were the Morlocks doing?—". . . to and fro and . . ."

G. 1. What did he think it was?—"All a . . ."
2. He called upon God to . . .
3. What did he see three times?
4. What had the Morlocks done to Weena?
5. Towards what did he begin walking?
6. What did he find in his pocket?

13. A. 1. At what time did he reach the seat?
2. The Little People were like . . . what?
3. When are thought and intelligence needed?
4. The Upper-world became . . . (*a*) . . ., and the Under-world became . . . (*b*) . . .
5. What did the Under-world do when their feeding system broke down?

B. 1. When did he awake?
2. What unexpected thing did he see?
3. What had the Morlocks done to the Time Machine?
4. What "expected thing" happened?

C. 1. What had he forgotten?
2. What did the Morlocks almost do?
3. "I found myself in the same . . ."

14. A. 1. How was he seated on the machine?
2. How fast was the "Thousands of Days" hand moving?
3. What flashed across the sky?
4. What had the sun ceased to do?
5. How had the Earth come to rest?

B. 1. What colour was the sky overhead?
2. What trace of life was there?—". . . on the S.E. face of . . ."
3. What was there along the edge of the sea?
4. Why was he breathing fast?

C. 1. What thing screamed and flew up?
2. What was the large red thing?
3. What was the touch on his cheek?

D. 1. What does the sun look like thirty million years ahead?
2. Is the sea frozen?
3. What were the only signs of life?

E. 1. What was beginning?
2. Where did he see a moving thing?
3. How big was this thing (question 2)?

15. A. 1. How did Mrs. Watchett cross the room?
2. (*a*) Where did the machine start? (*b*) Where is the machine now?
3. Why was the machine in a different place?

B. 1. How did he know the date?
2. What did he smell?
3. What was (*a*) the Medical Man doing—(*b*) the Editor?—(*c*) the newspaper-writer?

C. 1. What did the Time Traveller say about his own story?
2. What did the Traveller look at?—(*a*) . . .; (*b*) . . .
3. (*a*) What did the Medical Man ask for? (*b*) What did the Traveller answer?

D. 1. What signs of travel were there on the machine?
2. What did the Medical Man tell the Traveller?—"That he was . . ."
3. What did the Editor say about the story?

E. 1. What had the Traveller under one arm?—Under the other arm?
2. What will the Traveller do if I will stop to lunch?
3. Why must I hurry away?

F. 1. What sounds did I hear as I took hold of the handle?
2. What sound came from within?
3. What did I see for a moment?
4. How long ago did the Time Traveller disappear?

G. 1. To what may the Traveller have gone back?
2. Has he gone forward into the . . . ?
3. What did the Traveller see in the "growing pile of civilization"?—"Only a . . . that must . . ."
4. What must we do if that is so?
5. What do the two flowers witness?—"That, even when . . ., . . . still lived on . . ."

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